TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

SATURDAY NIGHT's predictions, like those of the mighty seers of old, are always verified with scrupulous exactness. The last remnant of the early-closing by-law has been swept away. The retail grocers are no longer subjected to a needless and embarrassing restriction, but may keep their stores open, if they please, from dawn to midnight. Indeed, there is no legal obligation upon them to put on their shutters at all, except during the sacred day of rest. The only vestige left of the unpopular by-law is a heavy bill of costs, and as Alderman Baxter has distinctly refused to discharge this out of his own pocket, it will have to be provided for by the ratepayers. Before the close of another session we shall probably have some more carefully devised measure, which, while carefully guarding the rights of the wage-earners, will not impose senseless and unnecessary restrictions upon the employers of labor.

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The Wilson-Jarvis case has been the means of bringing to light several other recent instances of antagonism between the public and the police. Its effect will be so far beneficial that it will induce more specific instructions from Chief Grasett to the force under his command. It will also lead to a more correct understanding of the rules of conduct and demeanor to be observed by the public in their relations with the guardians of the public peace. Anything in the shape of general ill-feeling between the police and the public would be a matter greatly to be deplored. Their aims are identical—the preservation of order, and the punishment of the wrong-doer. This ought to develop unanimity, and not antagonism. The judicious thing for all concerned is to cultivate a spirit of forbearance. The police should remember that they are the servants of the public, and not irresponsible bullies who can trample with impunity on the rights of private citizens. Citizens, on their part, should bear in mind that it is no part of their duty to lecture the police, and that any personal interference with them is a punishable offence. If a policeman misconducts himself while discharging his official functions, there is a proper tribunal before which he may be made to answer for his misconduct. Under no circumstances is a private citizen justified in arrogating to himself the functions of that tribunal, and, as matter of fact, this is not often attempted. It seems to me that the Methodist Conference has gone considerably out of its way in taking this Wilson-Jarvis business so much to heart, and that it might very well have left the whole affair to the adjudication of the Commissioners.

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The friends of the Rev. Mr. Longley have apparently made up their minds not to be ruled by wiser heads than their own. Neither counsel nor reproof is of any avail to impose silence upon them, and they seem determined not to rest until they have made his name a by-word and lasting reproach in every household in this community. They persist in dragging the unhappy man's doings before a public which would willingly forget all about him and his affairs, and they are making perpetual appeals on his behalf for indulgent consideration. Why will they not recognize the fact—long since recognized by the public—that the only sensible course to pursue is to consign Mr. Longley and his affairs to oblivion? SATURDAY NIGHT has already had its say on this miserable subject, and would gladly refrain from all further comment upon it; but as the reverend gentleman's misguided backers will not accept the verdict in silence, they shall learn the plain truth once more, and for the last time, from these columns.

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Mr. Longley has been charged with the gravest offence against morality which a minister of religion can possibly commit. Judgment has been passed upon him by a quasi-tribunal which had every disposition to weigh him in a lenient balance, but which was unable to pronounce a verdict in his favor. He has been suspended from the exercise of his ministerial functions for twelve months. In whatever aspect the case is viewed, he has got off with a light sentence. But with this he is not satisfied. He is resolved to pose in the character of a martyr, and he finds persons ready and willing to assist him in the representation. With a depth of meanness only to be found in a despicable nature, he tries to throw the blame upon the alleged partner of his guilt. He says, in effect, that he was vehemently and repeatedly importuned, but that he resisted alike the vehemence and the importunity. In short, he claims to have re-enacted the *role* of Joseph Andrews with Lady Booby, or of a still more ancient Joseph whose achievements form a memorable chapter in the history of Ancient Egypt.

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To set up such a defence as this is to try the public patience too far. Adam resorted to the same miserable subterfuge some years ago in the Garden of Eden. "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." It will be remembered that in the more recent case of Henry Ward Beecher, the accused set up the same shameful plea. Such cowardice is an aggravation of the original offence, and brands the culprit with an ineffaceable mark. Truly, one never knows how low an innately selfish egotist can descend until one sees him trying to squirm out of an exceedingly hot corner.

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It is possible to sympathize with one who is inadvertently led into sin by the devices of those more astute and unscrupulous than himself. But Mr. Longley is a man of mature years—two score or thereabouts. He is the father of a family, the husband of a good woman, and is well versed in the ways of the world. He is—or was—a professed minister of a faith which inculcates personal purity as one of the prime essentials of a reputable life. No one knows better than he how all-important it is for one in his position to abstain from every appearance of evil. Yet he admits that he has been playing with fire month after month. And with whom? With a young woman, a member of his own flock, and the daughter of another member of his congregation. He does not profess to have mistaken or misapprehended the designs of this formidable temptress. On the contrary, he so far yielded to her importunities as to go on meeting her in season and out of season, thereby imperilling his own good name and hers, and running the constant hazard of utter ruin to those whose welfare he was solemnly bound to guard. Finally he makes an assignation with her at a hotel, where he records a false name in the register, and spends several hours alone with her in a locked chamber. When he finds that the detectives are on his track, he flies the country, and maunders about in the neighborhood of the Niagara whirlpool. Then he finds that it would have been wiser to face the charges against him. Accordingly he comes back, and tries to throw the blame of his departure on his friends, who frightened him away, out of consideration for his weak nerves. This plan not proving successful, he turns upon the unfortunate young woman, and accuses her of having made perpetual assaults upon his discretion. The force of meanness can no farther go.

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Mr. Longley's friends, we repeat, are doing him the worst possible service by making continual appeals to the public for a more charitable construction of his misdeeds. If he has any influence over them, he should persuade them to hold their hands. "Save me from my friends" was the despairing cry of one who was brought to ruin through the well-meant interposition of injudicious counsellors. But it is clear that there is one personage from whose evil counsels it is still more imperative for Mr. Longley to be protected than even from those of his friends. That personage is himself. The man who can act as he has done must have an enemy in his own breast more dangerous to his peace than any outsider can possibly be. The worst wish SATURDAY NIGHT ventures to utter on his behalf is that he may come to see himself as others see him. He will then be on the direct road to repentance, and may possibly be of some use in the world. To go on making shameful excuses is to show that he is not truly repentant, and to persist in such a course is to close the gates of mercy with his own hand. One of his sacred profession should not need to be reminded of another great sinner who continued his evil courses until he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears.

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The quaint stories afloat about the new successor to the German throne are well-nigh as numerous as the sounds of the sea shore. Some of them may doubtless contain a modicum of truth but the majority of them are fearfully and wonderfully made, and are manifestly the work of enterprising correspondents of United States newspapers, who like to send over interesting "copy." Here is one of the latest. The Prince of Wales, during his recent visit to Berlin, was requested by his sister, the Empress, to remonstrate with the young heir to the throne on his violent outbursts of temper, and to endeavor to imbue him with a spirit of self-control. The Prince consented, and during a private interview with his nephew, began to give that hot-headed young man some much-needed counsel. The remainder of the interview was unseasonably brief. The hope of the Hohenzollerns resented the interference of his English uncle, and straightway proceeded to "slap his chops." (Pardon the expression, which is not mine.) The Prince had to submit to this indignity with such grace as he could command, for he was as a child in the grasp of his formidable nephew, who shook him to and fro as a reed is shaken by the wind. The prospective heir to the throne of Great Britain got out of the room as expeditiously as possible, and has ever since refused to hold any further intercourse with his irascible kinsman.

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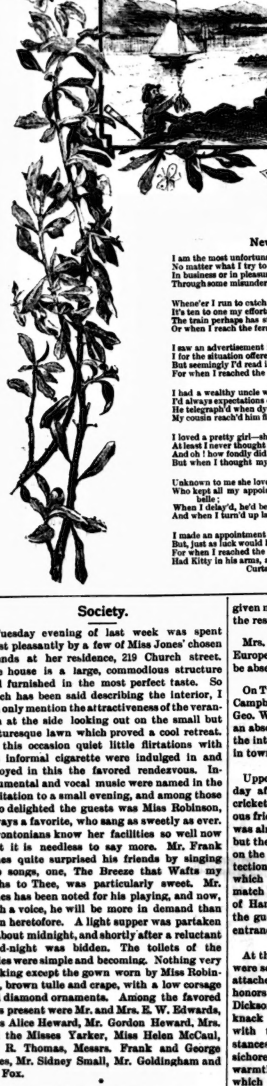
Such is the story gravely set forth in the columns of a professedly reputable New York journal, the editor of which is presumed to be a gentleman of education and refinement. Does the latter imagine that any but the most ignorant of his readers are to be taken in by such unmitigated balderdash? May one venture to hint that princes of the blood are not given to settling their difficulties by slapping each other's "chops?" Even should they, under strong provocation, so far forgot what is due to themselves and their position, they would hardly be likely to blazon their blackguardism abroad, so that it might possibly reach the ears of writers for Yankee newspapers. But with regard to the story in question, there is a still greater difficulty to be got over. The Prince of Wales, though he is in his forty-seventh year, and is, like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath, is a man of strong physique, thoroughly trained in athletics, and an adept at the manly art of self-defence. He would be a formidable antagonist for anything short of a professional prize-fighter, and would render a pretty fair account of himself if personally assaulted. The young kaiser, on the other hand, is a prey to loathsome disease implanted in him before his birth. The only wholesome blood that ever coursed through his veins was derived from his English mother. He has running sores in his ears and in one of his eyes. His left arm is paralyzed and withered by the fell poison in his blood, and any extra exertion produces dizziness, prostration and syncope. In the hands of the Prince of Wales he wouldbe about as formidable as a distempered mongrel in the paws of a thorough-bred bull terrier. Finally, so far as is known to the outside world, the relations between the two have never been strained in the slightest degree, and should such a state of things come about, the fact will be proclaimed through some other medium than the correspondent of a trans-Atlantic newspaper.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.



Never on Time.

I am the most unfortunate young man you ever knew;
No matter what I try to say or what I try to do,
In business or in pleasure it has always been my fate
Through some misunderstanding to be just too late! too late!

Whene'er I run to catch the cars, a ferryboat or train,
It's ten to one my efforts will prove every time in vain;
The train perhaps has started—the conductor will not wait,
Or when I reach the ferry, I am just too late! too late!

I saw an advertisement in the *World* the other week,
I for the situation offered forthwith went to seek,
But seemingly I'd read it in a paper of old date,
For when I reached the place I found it was too late! too late!

I had a wealthy uncle who for many years was ill,
I'd always expectations of being mentioned in his will;
He telegraph'd when dying he was lone and desolate—
My cousin reach'd him first, and I was just too late! too late!

I loved a pretty girl—she loved me in return,
At least I never thought she would my warm affections spurn,
And oh! how fondly did I hope that we in time would mate,
But when I thought myself secure I was too late! too late!

Unknown to me she loved another fellow quite as well,
Who kept all my appointments with this sweet coquettish belle;
When I delay'd, he'd be on time, and take away my Kate,
And when I turn'd up later, I'd be just too late! too late!

I made an appointment once beside the stream to meet her,
But, just as luck would have it, I was rather late to meet her,
For when I reached the rendezvous my rival, whom I hate,
Had Kitty in his arms, and I was just too late! too late!
Curtain, please!

John S. Gray.

Society.

Tuesday evening of last week was spent most pleasantly by a few of Miss Jones' chosen friends at her residence, 219 Church street. The house is a large, commodious structure and furnished in the most perfect taste. So much has been said describing the interior, I can only mention the attractiveness of the verandah at the side looking out on the small but picturesque lawn which proved a cool retreat. On this occasion quiet little flirtations with the informal cigarette were indulged in and enjoyed in this the favored rendezvous. Instrumental and vocal music were named in the invitation to a small evening, and among those who delighted the guests was Miss Robinson, always a favorite, who sang as sweetly as ever. Torontonians know her facilities so well now that it is needless to say more. Mr. Frank Jones quite surprised his friends by singing two songs, one, The Breeze that Wafts my Sighs to Thee, was particularly sweet. Mr. Jones has been noted for his playing, and now, with a voice, he will be more in demand than even heretofore. A light supper was partaken of about midnight, and shortly after a reluctant good-night was bidden. The toilets of the ladies were simple and becoming. Nothing very striking except the gown worn by Miss Robinson, brown tulle and crape, with a low corsage and diamond ornaments. Among the favored ones present were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Edwards, Miss Alice Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Miss Helen McCaul, Mr. R. Thomas, Messrs. Frank and George Jones, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Goldingham and Mr. Fox.

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Hon. Sidney Smith of Cobourg was in town last week.

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A mistake in the announcement of the arrival of Mr. Elmslie in town last week from the old country, should have been Mr. Remy Elmslie, not Mr. Henry Elmslie.

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Miss L. Birchall sailed for England last Saturday by the White Star Liner Republic.

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Sir William Young, Bart., and Lady Young, of London, are staying at the Queen's Hotel.

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Col. and Mrs. Otter have rented a house at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and intend residing there during camp, Miss Kate Merritt, Miss Robinson and Miss May Dawson are the guests of the gallant colonel and his charming wife.

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The gathering at the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club on Monday of this week proved as fashionable as ever. The usual people were present, and a few new faces were noticed, among them being Mrs. G. W. Allan, Miss Scott of Ottawa, the guest of Miss Campbell of Government House, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Miss Larratt-Smith and a lady friend, Miss Boulton, Miss Brough, Miss Grier, Mrs. Kingsmill. Tennis was indulged in vigorously by Mrs. Vernon, Dr. Grassett, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. Galt, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. Hayes, Miss Scott and several others. The costume worn by Miss Edith Yarker was much admired. It was a pale sea green liberty silk, with white stripes, made in a becoming way, hat trimmed with ribbon to match, completed the smartest toilet seen this season.

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Miss Anna Howden took her departure on Monday after a brief stay which proved, alas! too brief. But she hopes to return, however, in the early fall.

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Miss Fannie Small of Murray street entertained a large circle of friends on Monday afternoon at five o'clock tea.

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Among the passengers who sailed from New York on Wednesday, June 20, by the steamship Germanic, of the White Star Line, are Mr. F. W. Gates, and his son, Mr. Geo. E. Gates, of Hamilton, Ont. They intend traveling in England and on the continent and returning in about three months' time.

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Cards are out for a large "At Home" to be given next Saturday afternoon at Heydon Villa, the residence of Col. G. T. Denison.

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Mrs. Beecher and Miss Macklem sail for Europe on June 28, per steamship Parisian, to be absent some months.

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On Tuesday morning of this week Mr. Arthur Campbell Allan, second son of Senator the Hon. Geo. W. Allan, arrived home from abroad after an absence of nearly a year. He will play in the international match, and after a short stay in town will study law in Winnipeg.

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Upper Canada College was *en fete* last Saturday afternoon, the members of the college cricket club being "At Home" to their numerous friends in town and country. The weather was almost perfection—a trifle hot, to be sure—but the pleasant shade afforded by the foliage on the western bank afforded a pleasant protection to the large and fashionable assemblage which watched with unflagging interest the match between the college boys and the Colts of Hamilton. From four o'clock and onwards the guests streamed in from the King street entrance to the college grounds.

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At the conclusion of the match refreshments were served in the pretty Old Country garden attached to the principal's residence, the honors of which were gracefully done by Mrs. Dickson, who evidently possesses the happy knack of putting her guests on happy terms with themselves and surrounding circumstances. Worshippers at the shrine of Terpsichore were fairly numerous, despite the warmth of the atmosphere in the gymnasium, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. The dancers were "received" by Mrs. Bunting and Mrs. Neville, and the music rendered by the Italian band, added to an excellent "floor," drew many into "the whirl of the mazy" until after the witching hour of seven o'clock. The college boys are to be congratulated on the genuine success of this effort on their part to return the kindly hospitalities which have been extended to them during the past season. The following is a partial list of the invited guests, most of whom were present: His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Oliver Mowat, Hon. and Mrs. G. W. Ross, Hon. T. B. Pardee, Hon. John Macdonald, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Hon. A. M. Ross, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. and Mrs. S. C. Wood, Hon. and Mrs. John Beverley Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, Dr. Wilson, Mrs. G. Kirkpatrick, Mr. D. H. McAndrew, M. P. P., and Mrs. McAndrew, Prof. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Smith, the Provost of Trinity College and Mrs. Boddy, Rev. C. J. S. Bethune of Port Hope, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs Sweatman, Rev. Henry Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. John Barron, M. P., Mrs. Buchan, the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Badgerow, Miss Veals and young ladies, Mrs. Neville and young ladies, Mr. and Mrs. MacMurchy, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. J. D. Cayley, Rev. Dr. Stafford, etc.

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The Oriole's sailing party was a pleasant affair last Saturday afternoon, although the departure from and return to moorings by tug were "assisted passages." Once outside the harbor, however, a pleasant sail was made as far as Mimico, the return being made in time for seven o'clock dinner. A feature of the affair was the large number of "the faculty" on board, whose members contrived to pass a few hours of pleasant sailing. Amongst those indebted to Mr. Gooderham's hospitality were Miss Gooderham, the Misses Allie and Maggie Gooderham, Miss Beattie, Mrs. A. E. Denison, the Misses Clark, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Patriarch, Mr. W. H. Beattie, Mr. Cecil Leigh, Doctors Grassett, Temple, O'Reilly, McDonagh, Macdonald, Davidson, Burns, Wright and J. F. W. Ross, Mr. Oates and others. During the trip Miss Beattie, who had come on board equipped with camera, etc., photographed several groups of friends on deck to the huge delight of the "subjects."

The hot weather of this week has caused many people to cross the lake to Niagara to witness the whole or part of the manœuvres at the annual volunteer camp. Amongst those who have been entertained by Colonel Otter and his popular staff at headquarters and by the no less hospitable officers of the batteries were the Misses Merritt, the Hon. Alexander Morris and the Misses Morris, Miss Robinson, Miss Manning, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, and from Hamilton the Misses Hendrie and Mr. and Mrs. Stinson.

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Miss Wakem of Chicago is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith at Rosedale. A few years ago Miss Wakem passed a winter in town and her many friends have not forgotten her.

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Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas and Miss Mabel Thomas of Montreal are staying with Canon Dumoulin at St. James' rectory.

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Another gentleman whom the fashionable wedding of the week has brought to town is Colonel Ross of Montreal, who is staying with Mrs. James Strachan on Richmond street.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Ross who for some years resided here have returned, but only for a short visit, as they have resolved to make England their home.

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Miss Scott of Ottawa has prolonged her stay in Toronto by another visit to Miss Marjorie Campbell at Government House.

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In despite of the somewhat lamentable episode in the history of their Hon. Secretary last year, the "old boys" of English public schools are to hold another and a larger dinner next Thursday at the Rossin House. Mr. Goldwin Smith is to take the chair, and whereas last year the secretary, like Pooh-Bah, was secretary-treasurer and committee in one, on the present occasion those different offices are held by various well-known gentlemen. It is hoped that their patriotism for the old school, whichever it may be, will cause all old public school boys within a day's journey of Toronto to attend the dinner. Tickets may be had from Mr. Fraser Lefroy, 68 Church street.

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I have just come from participating in a very pretty and interesting sight, an ultra-fashionable wedding in Toronto's fashionable church. St. George's was packed to the doors with most that is fairest in town. The bride looked lovely. They always do—but in the present instance nobody will deny that it was so in the highest degree. Misses Mabel Thomas, Maude Rutherford, Minnie Parsons and Mabel Heward with two very pretty little girls were the bridesmaids, and were supported by Messrs. Harry Brock and Reginald Thomas as groomsmen. Mr Hume Blake performed the arduous duties of best man, but so often has he done those duties that by this time they must have become easy to him. The devil at my elbow (only a printer's devil, mind), is becoming impatient and for further details of presents, dresses, (I mean frocks), and the large *personnel* of invited guests *vide* the next issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The reception given last Monday night at The Birches by Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly was a most enjoyable affair. The lions of the evening were visitors from the States who are actively interested in asylums for idiot women, etc. Amongst the numerous guests of the evening were Dr. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Treen, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Marling, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonehaugh, Miss Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Harrison (Seranus), Mr. Langmuir and several others whose names my treacherous memory fails to supply.

Lorne Park.

When the local thermometer sojourns in the eighties and upwards, the street-wearied householder turns his footsteps gladly towards the different breathing spots which dot the shores of blue Ontario. It was doubtless this craving for purer ozone which drew such a numerous response to the invitation of the Toronto and Lorne Park Summer Resort Company last Wednesday afternoon. There must have been fully five hundred people on board as the Rothsay steamed away from Yonge street wharf on her way to Lorne Park. It was just the day to be out on the water and everyone appreciated the situation. The park was reached in good time, and the visitors rapidly made themselves at home on the lawn in and around the big hotel, or distributed themselves amongst the fortunate friends who are residents of the park.

Temperance principles prevail at Lorne Park, and the curse of Canada was conspicuous by its absence. Even the aldermen were unable to get any. After sojourning some two hours admiring the spacious and beautiful grounds the visitors returned to the boat at six o'clock, reaching town shortly after seven. Amongst those on board were Canon Dumoulin, Archdeacon Boddy, Rev. J. G. Taylor, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Rev. Hugh Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin, Mr. Wm. Gooderham, Mr. H. A. Baird, Mr. J. McLaren, Mr. J. C. Dent, Mr. Rose, Mr. Kelso, Mr. J. J. Allworth and many other influential citizens. The directors are entitled to all credit for the admirable improvement in the appearance and working of the Lorne Park Co. Mr. F. Roper, the President, Mr. John Earls, Vice-Pres.; Mr. J. W. Stockwell, Treasurer; Mr. Geo. D. Perry, Secretary, are the officers for 1893. The Directorate includes Mr. W. R. Henderson, Mr. Edward Burke, Mr. Geo. L. Hillman, Mr. P. L. Jacobi, Mr. J. P. Clark and Mr. John M. Martin. With such a list of names Lorne Park is pledged to respectability.

William the Second of Germany.

Never since the sudden rise of the first Napoleon, has the balance of power rested in the hands of so young a man as the present hope of the North German Confederation, whose recent utterances are considered by some as the bumptiousness of youth which time will correct. But others there are who consider the European outlook as gloomy indeed. Whilst it would be foolish to predict war or peace as a certainty of the near future, it should not be forgotten that the young Emperor is a Hohenzollern and consequently a soldier.

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THE YATISI CORSET
Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer th stease and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

To brighten fair hair, use a solution of peroxide of hydrogen. Dip a sponge in the fluid and damp the hair, lifting it up and wiping it from the roots to the ends.

The preparation sold in tiny tablets, and known as Pasta Macie, is a most refreshing adjunct to the bath. A corner broken off one of these tablets and added to the hot water in which the hands and face are to be washed, will perfume the whole room and add a perceptible, as well as a perfectly lasting fragrance to the skin. Its action on the skin is of an agreeable and beneficial kind. The carbonic acid which it contains exercises a wonderful influence upon the whole system, seeming to restore the energies and give fresh life. In hot weather it will be found almost indispensable by those who have once tried it.

As cool weather dresses, those made of any shade of gray take the lead in popular favor. Under the name of gray come all those shades warmed by tones of red, as well as those of colder slaty tinges. Slate is extremely fashionable, though I cannot say I ever saw any woman to whom it was absolutely becoming. It has too great a tendency to make dark women appear gloomy and fair women insipid. Fawn is also a reigning favorite. For traveling, checks of the shades I have mentioned will be most worn. In washing fabrics, checks and stripes are the favorite designs.

Draperies are worn a trifle shorter, but are neither very short nor very long, the back portion, as a rule, being in one piece, whilst the front is divided into two parts, each side being draped differently. Skirts are mostly kilted, but flounces are again fashionable, and a return has been made to the fashion of having three deep flounces comprise the front portion from waistband to hem.

A most beautiful lace for bridal purposes is manufactured in the Greek islands and may always be obtained at Corfu. It is made from the fibres of aloe, wears forever, and retains its exquisite creamy tint, even after many washings. It is equally beautiful and serviceable and deserves much wider popularity and advertisement than has ever been accorded to it.

In the matter of bazars, fairs, etc., in aid of churches and public charities there is generally much private grumbling on the score of exorbitant prices and the utter unsuitability of some of the articles offered for sale to people of moderate means. An excellent suggestion comes from England, which is, to have a provision stall in which home-made articles such as cakes, bread, scones, catsup, summer beverages, candies, marmalade and other preserves should be sold. Here, many a woman who would not dream of purchasing any of the airy, fairy trifles for drawing room decoration, would gladly expend an extra ten or fifteen cents beyond what she must pay at her baker's or grocer's for an article which she knew would be pure and clean. And she would the more gladly buy because of being able to solve thus readily the question of what she should prepare for tea after she had dragged her already weary limbs from stall to stall as in duty bound, to see what she could pick up for sweet charity's sake at the bazar which should combine with the charity and justice due at home.

An easily prepared sandwich is made by mixing to a paste a quantity of grated cheese and hard-boiled eggs with salt and pepper. Spread thickly on thin bread and butter, or put between snowflake biscuits. I make my banana custard as follows: Cut three to six bananas in thin slices, sprinkle with white sugar and pour over this preparation a sufficient quantity of hot boiled custard to completely cover the banana. The custard draws the flavor. Place on ice and serve cold. Another dish which has quite a pretty effect is made by piling a pyramid of stewed prunes in the center of a platter, and edging the whole with sliced oranges and white sugar. The flavor of the combination is quite as nice as its optical effect.

Madame Melba the new Australian soprano—her name is derived from Melbourne her native town—who has evoked much curiosity and enthusiasm in London, Eng., by her singing, has a lovely face. Two years ago Madame Melba was a concert singer, singing under her own name of Mrs. Armstrong. She was then advised by two musical celebrities to abandon her project of making a profession of music. Disregarding their advice, however, she has now appeared on the operatic stage, and contrary to all prognostications, must be accorded a prominent position in opera singing. Her success as Lucia was unequivocal.

The Dowager Empress Victoria of Germany (our Princess Royal) was always remarkably fond of domestic pursuits. The Queen delighted in encouraging these tastes so that it was no unnatural thing for the Princess Royal to invite the Queen and Prince Albert to partake of a lunch, the vegetable portion of which had been procured in the Princess' own little private garden, every dish comprised in the lunch having been prepared by her own girlish hands. It is said that after she became the wife of the late Emperor Frederick she was discovered by one of the ladies of the German Court arranging and hanging some window curtains. On being told that it was scarcely proper for the wife of the heir to the German throne to perform such tasks, she replied: "If mama does so, why should not I?" The English royal family are not beauties; they are a very accomplished and industrious family, but it is the large amount of sound common sense they possess naturally, and with which they have been reared, that influences not only the Queen's own dominions, but the world at large.

NUOVA AULA.

The Brotherhoods.

Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER, NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

Pilgrims from all parts of the States and Canada are wending their way towards Toronto for the purpose of attending the Imperial Council which will be in session on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

The order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine (may their shadows never grow less!) was instituted by a non-in law of the prophet Mahommed (Heaven favor and preserve him!), as an inquisition or vigilance committee to dispense justice and execute punishment upon criminals who escaped their just deserts through the tardiness of the courts, and also to promote religious toleration amongst the cultured of all nations (Bismillah!).

The order is thoroughly cosmopolitan, including Christians, Israelites, Moslems, Hindoos among its members, and is most highly favored amongst the many secret societies which abound in oriental countries.

The pilgrims from Lulu Temple leave Philadelphia to-day, and will stay over night at the Falls, arriving in Toronto at 1.30 p.m. on Monday by the Cibola. Mecca Temple will send a contingent, which also leaves New York to-day, and will come right through. The Rossin House will be the temporary home of these visitors in our midst.

Toronto is famous for the hospitality of its citizens, and the officers of Rameses Temple are prepared to keep up the city's reputation. Amongst other galeties a moonlight excursion on board the Cibola will be given the delegates on Monday night. A carriage drive round the city and neighborhood will also be given on Wednesday, in addition to which every effort will be made to make our visitors from the other side feel that Toronto is indeed the Mecca of all tourists.

The following is a list of the delegates expected on Monday:—Messrs. Richard A. Ketner, Leavenworth, Kansas; Louis P. Ecker, Richmond, Va.; Henry E. Hosley, South Boston, Mass.; Sam Briggs, Cleveland, O.; Irving W. Pratt, Portland, Ore.; George H. Walker, Washington, D.C.; Ethelbert F. Allen, Kansas City, Mo.; Alexander Stevens, Albuquerque, N.M.; William C. Nickum, Baltimore, Md.; Joseph M. Lawson, Albany, N.Y.; George F. Loder, Rochester, N.Y.; George Q. Richmond, Pueblo, Col.; Cyrus W. Eaton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Joseph K. Ashby, Fort Worth, Texas; Edward C. Culp, Salina, Kansas; Curtis G. Kenyon, M.D., San Francisco, Cal.; Hon. Jacob Stern, Buffalo, N.Y.; Albert G. Brice, New Orleans, La.; Lewis P. Dosh, Davenport, Iowa; Wayland Trask, New York, N.Y.; William Ryan, Louisville, Ky.; Joseph S. Wright, Philadelphia, Pa.; Augustus W. Peters, New York, N.Y.; Martin Howard, Chicago, Ill.; Walter J. Hilton, St. Joseph, Mo.; Elisha B. Overstreet, St. Louis, Mo.; John B. Corliss, Detroit, Mich.; William A. Briggs, Montpelier, Vt.; John T. Brush, Indianapolis, Ind.; Jesse B. Anthony, Troy, N.Y.; Alfred Paull, Wheeling, W. Va.; William H. S. Wright, St. Paul, Minn.; Clarence B. Mason, Newport, R. I.; Julius W. Knowlton, Bridgeport, Conn.; George S. McConkey, 155 Yonge street, Toronto, Canada; Gideon D. Slanker, Olney, Ill.; George E. Pantlind, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Andrew W. Porte, London, Canada; James Tyler, Lincoln, Neb.; Thomas J. Hudson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; William B. Melish, 181 Walnut street, Cincinnati, Ohio; Eugene S. Elliott, 80 Wisconsin street, Milwaukee, Wis.; Henry J. Coggeshall, Waterville, N. Y.; John A. Schlener, 425 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE ODDFELLOWS.

The Grand Master has sent a circular to the lodges anent the result of the suit against the members of late Wellington Square Lodge, No. 178. The importance of this case cannot be too highly estimated nor too widely known, as its influence on the future welfare of not only our own, but similar societies, must be of very great value.

The Grand Secretary has issued to the lodges his semi-annual circular with blank certificate. It is hoped that one great benefit to be derived from the new district system will be an increased interest in the installation ceremonies, and that the D. D. G. M. will magnify his office sufficiently as to require the lodges under his care to be ready promptly to receive him on the night he sets apart to install their officers—and by ready we mean not only that the officers have their reports ready, but that the members in general be on hand and in good time, so as to cheer the D. D. G. M. by their presence, and give him such assistance as he may require.

We had a call from our greatly esteemed Grand Representative, Bro. Cl. T. Campbell, M.D., who is in our city attending the meeting of the Medical Council, of which he is an honored member and examiner. We are pleased to see that the doctor has recovered from his late indisposition, and is looking forward to a pleasant trip to Los Angeles, though he did not vote for that great extravagance and useless waste of money.

We think it high time that the Sovereign Grand Lodge should show its appreciation of its own wise laws, which forbid a subordinate lodge to squander a dollar of its trust fund in useless extravagance, by deciding to hold its sessions less frequently, and at points where it will not bankrupt the order to meet. It will be a nice trip to go to Los Angeles no doubt, but that is not the only thing our annual sessions are for. The amount of extra and unnecessary expense that will be incurred this year in holding the session of the Sovereign Lodge so far from the center will be sufficient, if saved and funded, to enable the Grand Lodge to buy and maintain a home for aged and infirm Oddfellows, or go far to assist weak lodges in bearing the burdens of relief that continued sickness and misfortune have placed upon them.

Bro. Van Wormer, who has been so ill, and who has been under the constant care of the Toronto Relief Board, has so far recovered as to be enabled to return to his home in the States, and carries with him the warmest feelings towards his brethren of Toronto.

Stirling Lodge, No. 230, decorated the graves of deceased members on Wednesday of last week.

Grand Master Reid accompanied a large number of brothers of Brockville and Prescott to Ogdensburg, N. Y., on Sunday last, 10th inst., and took part in the very interesting ceremony of decorating the graves of some twenty-seven members of the order. There was a vast number of people present, and the ceremony was witnessed with great interest. The turnout was one of the largest and finest ever seen in the "Maple City." The Patriarchs Militant, headed by a splendid band, and followed by the non-uniformed members of the order presented an appearance which reflected the highest credit on the order. The exercises consisted of a fine selection of Moody and Sankey's airs by the band, religious services by Rev. Dr. Morrison (Anglican) and Dr. Miller (Presbyterian), an address by Sheriff Mathison, and a half-hour's address by our Grand Master, Bro. J. B. Reid, concluding with the National Anthem and Benediction. Bro. N. H. Cole, P.G.M., of Brockville, also took part and upheld Ontario on our cousins' soil.

ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

Western Star Council was instituted on the 14th inst. by District Councilor Hughes, assisted by the extension committee of the Toronto District Council, with twenty-six charter members and the following officers: S. C., Bro. P. McSwayne; V. C., Sister Gray; P. C., Bro. Mason; Chap., Bro. Ashdown; R. S., Bro. G. J. Boyd; A. S., Bro. Beale; F. S., Bro. French; Treas., Bro. Boyle; Herald, Bro. W. F. McSwayne: Deputy Herald, Sister Gower; Guard, Bro. D. J. McSwayne; Sentinel, Bro. Lloyd; Physician, Dr. McConnell.

Parkdale Council was instituted on the 15th by Grand Councilor Steele, assisted by D. C. Hughes and Bro. Geo. B. Boyle, with thirty-five charter members and the following officers: S. C., Bro. Frank Buchanan; V. C., Sister M. A. Edwards; P. C., Bro. Wm. Dayton; Chap., Bro. J. A. Wiseman; R. S., Bro. W. Spaulding; Treas., Bro. Geo. Edwards; Herald, Bro. Chas. Penlah; Guard, Sister M. J. Dayton; Sentinel, Bro. E. E. Baker; Trustees, Bros. I. Lennox, N. McWilliam and Wm. Munns. After the Council was instituted Bro. Munns treated the members to a pleasant surprise in the shape of ice cream and cake.

The Entertaining Briton.

The popularity of young Englishmen in American society remains unabated. From the Duke of Marlborough down to the lowest salaried clerk in an English branch house, they are all the pets of society, and doors, barred against sons of the land, are flung wide open before them. In The Tender Recollections of Irene Magillicuddy, a clever satire on New York life by Lawrence Oliphant, there was some disclosing of secrets which New Yorkers did not like. Irene artlessly explains how American girls regarded English marriages as the apex of all style, the crown of feminine ambition. Each girl carried in her brain a list running "knight, baronet, baron, marquis, earl, duke," etc., and the one who came out nearest the top—why she was the cleverest, the admired of the multitude. Though this was, in the first place, exaggerated, and though time, which modifies all things, has somewhat clipped the soaring ambition of the American girl, yet there is truth—and to spare—in Irene's statement, more's the pity!

The young Englishmen in New York offer a variety of types. Some of them, especially those of a lower class at home, come like conquering heroes. They grumble at everything American, they complain with bitterness of the trains and the climate, the lack of good manners among the women, the ridiculous dressing of the men, the shoddyism, the absence of old families, and in their sleeves laugh complacently at the people who are running about like mad dogs, and straining every nerve to have them at dinner and dance. Not a few of these men are adventurers, who gull the simple New Yorker with confident ease. "My cousin, Sir Robert ——; my elder brother, who married the daughter of Lord ——," a man not in the swim can have no idea what a few such sentences, combined with a gentlemanly appearance, a chilly manner, a good supply of clothes, and cheek, can do here in New York among people who are neither dense nor inexperienced. The Newark bogus lord was an exaggerated type of this class, and so long as Americans lay themselves open to this sort of thing they will be fooled and then jeered at by the great family of bogus lords who make America their happy hunting grounds. It is rather surprising that so many bitter experiences have not taught our countrymen to be a little more judicious. But people who learn slowly generally learn thoroughly.

The better class of Englishmen who infest New York are generally very nice fellows, who stand their spoiling well. Excepting such men as the Duke of Marlborough, whose reception here was something to forget as soon as possible, they are generally talkative, unaffected, jolly fellows, with long legs, little brains, and manners either quietly dignified or boyishly ingenuous. They are better-looking than our men, and better-tempered. They are much more ignorant of our country than we of theirs. They all think to live on a ranch must be bliss, and that bears, buffaloes, mountain lions, antelopes, and prairie-hens circle before the door of the rancher's cabin, while he sits languidly in the doorway picking off the particularly plump young ones with his rifle. Their ignorance in business matters is something unbelievable. They are prey for the commonest swindler; but once they get swindled—as they always do in the first year—they become absurdly suspicious of every one, and begin to regard the honest man as Diogenes and Hamlet did. They are the most phlegmatic men on earth in their loves, the most obstinate in their hates. Their ideal is to be country gentlemen on large estates in England, and they hate the life of large cities. Could there be a man more opposed, at every point, to the average American?

And this is one of the secrets of their popularity over here. Yankees like a change, and they are a change. The other secret of their popularity is that socially they are as superior to our men as our women are socially superior to their women. And it is socially that they are so much in demand. American men, as a class, do not shine in society. The reason for which is very simple—they have no time to learn to be entertaining. It is next to impossible for a man who has been hard at work in his office all day, to sit down in the evening and entertain, with airy persiflage, some raw girl fresh from college, or some gay married woman full of airs, and graces, and nonsense. He is tired out, he is preoccupied, and he will remain so until he does not have to spend his entire day in the office. How can he entertain when he never reads anything but what can better him from a business point of view, when all his brains and energies are concentrated on the problem he has undertaken to solve? He may be, as far as conversation goes, a mute, inglorious Diderot, an undeveloped Sydney Smith; all that possible brilliancy has been focused on his business, at which he probably is a genius. He is like very successful literary people, who are notoriously the dullest people in the world to converse with. And why? Because all their brightest and most original thoughts are greedily garnered up to the minutest dropped seed, and are put into their next book, whence they dazzle the world.

Not so the young, itinerant Englishman. He is one of the leisure class, and has no business. He has gone through college, and now his work in life is to deck a crack regiment and be charming. He rarely has as much native brightness as the American, but with unlimited spare time one can do a good deal. He acquires all the habits of society, it soon becomes his nature to laugh, and talk, and look unutterable things in the easiest way imaginable. He is good company and a good listener, makes conversation with the skill of a practiced hand—one who honors the fell horror of dead silence, and is altogether a good all-around man from the society point of view.

A young girl, who has idled all day, and has nothing to do with herself but be charming, sweet, and clever, goes to a dinner. She is full of vitality, brimming over with conversation and fun: she longs for some one to laugh and joke with. She sits at dinner between an American and both young, agreeable, and good-looking. The American is, say, a lawyer, and has his first important case coming up to-morrow. He has consented to come this evening only at the earnest request of his hostess, who is his dear friend. He is worried, preoccupied and tired. The young lady babbles joyously to him a rippling stream of charming commonplaces. He tries to be civil and make talkee-talkee, but it is constrained and forced, and his eyes, despite his efforts, stare vacantly at her smiling face. With the keen, instinctive perceptions of her sex she sees he is bored, though bravely battling against it. She is piqued, as who would not be, and turns to her neighbor. He is talkative, though reserved, listens with evident amusement to her sallies, thaws under her glances, becomes entertaining, and better still, is evidently enjoying to the full her wit and brilliancy. She thinks him the most delightful of men, and when she goes home, asks her mamma to have him to dinner.

But the scales are evenly balanced. The Englishman talks well and is entertaining, because the English girl talks badly and is heavy as an amateur's bread. A void existed, and all-providing nature created the necessary machine to fill it. Some one in society must talk, and if one party won't, why the other has to. Years of laboring in the vineyard have given the Englishman a glib proficiency, almost mechanical, and certainly marvelous. He can be as enthusiastic as his nature will permit before a pair of icy-blue eyes, of unsmiling, unresponsive, healthy red lips, which would chill an American to the marrow.—*The Argonaut.*

THE ANGLER.

Too Raw.

Brown, who is a bit of a braggart, was once out hunting in the Rockies with a friend whom he wished to impress with the idea that he (Brown) was a second Nimrod.

"Now," went on the mighty hunter, "how I do like bear's meat, broiled—not too well done, you know."

Just then a turn in the road brought them in sight of a magnificent grizzly, seated on a rock

"Oh! that's not my style," shouted Poor Brown, taking to his heels, "he's not well enough cooked!"

Savareen's Disappearance:

A Half-Forgotten Chapter in the History of an Upper Canadian Township.

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT.

CHAPTER XIII.

COALS OF FIRE.

The gloomy month of November, 1859, was drawing to its close. The weather, as usual at that time of the year, was dull and sombre, and the skies were dark and lowering. More than three months had elapsed since the journey to New York, and Mrs. Savareen and her father had ceased to be engrossing topics of discussion among the people of Millbrook and its neighborhood. She continued to live a very secluded life, and seldom stirring beyond the threshold of her own door. Almost her only visitors were her father and brother, for her stepmother rarely or hardly ever came to her house and was very much encouraged to do so, as her presence never brought comfort with it. The little boy continued to grow apace, and it seemed to the fond mother that he became dearer to her every day. He was the sole light and joy of her life, and in him were bound up all her hopes for the future. Of late she had fancied she scan his features in the hope of tracing there some resemblance to his absent father. Since her visit to Amity street, *that* fatal illusion had wholly departed, never to return. She had ceased even to speak to him about his other parent, and had begun to regard herself in the light of an actual widow. Such was the tale of affairs when the humdrum of her existence was broken in upon by a succession of circumstances which it now becomes necessary to unfold.

It was rapidly drawing on towards six o'clock in the evening, and the darkness of night had already fallen upon the outer landscape. Mrs. Savareen sat in her little parlor with her boy upon her knee, as it was her custom to sit at this hour. The lamp had not been lighted, but the fireplace sent forth a ruddy blaze, making countless shadows to reflect themselves on the floor, and in the remote corners of the room. "To both mother and child, this hour "between the dark and the daylight" was incomparably the most delightful of the twenty-four, for it was consecrated to story-telling. Then it was that the boy was first introduced to those old-time legends which in one form or another have thrilled the bosoms of hearers in childhood for many hundreds of years, and which will continue to thrill them through centuries yet unborn. Then it was that he made the acquaintance of Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, and the Seven Champions of Christendom. The mingled lights and shades from the blazing logs danced in the fireplace tent additional charm to the thousand and one stories which the mother recounted for the child's edification, and it was then that Jack's wonderful bean-stalk is still associated in Master Reggie's mind with that cosy little room with its blended atmosphere of cheerful twilight and sombre shadow.

A few minutes more and it would be teatime. It would never do, however, to break off the story of the Babes in the Wood at a point where the two emissaries of the wicked uncle began to quarrel in the depths of the forest. The child's sympathies would be thoroughly aroused, and he would not tamely submit to be left in suspense. No, the gruesome old tale must be told out, or at least as far as where the robin redbreast, after covering over the fate of the hapless infants "did cover them with leaves." And so the mother went on with the narrative, and had just reached the culminating point when an approaching footstep was heard outside. Then came a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Mrs. Savareen's father. It was easy to see from his face that this was no mere perfunctory call. Evidently he had news to tell.

"Something has happened, father," said Mrs. Savareen, as calmly as she could.

"Well, you guessed right—it happened. It is nothing very dreadful, but you had better prepare yourself to hear unpleasant news."

"Is it that man—he has come?"

"Yes, he has come to town."

"Is he at the door?"

"No, he is at my house. I thought I had better come over and tell you. Instead of letting him come himself and take you by surprise."

"What has he come for, and what does he want?" inquired Mrs. Savareen in a harder tone of voice than she was accustomed to use.

"Well, for one thing, he wants to see you, and I suppose you can't very well avoid seeing him. He is your husband, you know, and knows nothing about the journey to New York. He has no means, and looks shabby and sickly. I shouldn't wonder if he isn't long for this world."

"So you didn't tell him anything about the New York trip?"

"No; I didn't exactly know what your views might be, and he looked such a worn-out, pitiful object that I held my tongue about it. I think you had better see him, and hear what he has to say."

It appeared that Savareen had arrived at Millbrook by the 4:15 p.m. train from New York, and that he had slunk round by the least frequented streets to his father-in-law's house without being recognized by any one. It might be doubted, indeed, whether any of his old friends would have recognized him, even if they had met him face to face in broad daylight, for he was by no means the ruddy, robust, self-complacent looking personage they had been accustomed to see in the old days when he was wont to ride fast horses and his black mare. His clothes were seamy and worn, and his physical proportions had shrunk so much that the shabby garments seemed a world too wide for him. His face, which three months ago had been bloated and sodden, had become pale and emaciated, and the scar on his left cheek seemed to have developed until it was the most noticeable thing about him. His step was feeble and tremulous, and it was evident that his health had completely broken down. He was in fact in a state bordering on collapse, and was hardly fit to be going about. His financial condition was on a par with his bodily state. He had expended his last dime in the purchase of his railway ticket, and at the moment of reaching his father-in-law's door was in the well-nigh famished for want of food. When a loaf of bread and some slices of cold meat had been set before him, he had fallen to with the voracity of a jungle tiger. He had vouchsafed no explanation of his presence, except that he felt he was going to die, and that he wanted to see his wife and child. He was tired out, and sorely in need of rest, he had been put to bed, and his father-in-law, after seeing him snugly stowed away between the sheets, had set forth to bear the news to his wife.

There could be no doubt as to what was the proper thing to be done. Mrs. Savareen made the fire safe, put on her bonnet and shawl, and locked up the house. Then, taking her little boy by the hand, she accompanied her father to the old house where, six or seven years before, the handsome young farmer had been in the habit of visiting and paying court to her. On arriving, she found the invalid buried in the deep, profound sleep of exhaustion. Consigning her boy to the care of her stepmother, she took her place by the bedside and waited for the vigil was a protracted one, for the tired-out sleeper did not awaken until the small hours of the next morning. Then, with a long-drawn respiration, he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon the watcher with a weak, wandering expression, as though he was unable to fully grasp the situation.

The truth found its way to him by degrees. He shifted uneasily, and looks hooked as though he would have been glad to smother himself beneath the bedclothes, were it not for lack of room. Evidently the prospect of being bound never presented a more abject appearance.

His wife was the first to speak. "Do you feel rested?" she said, in a gentle tone.

"Rested! O, yes, I remember now. We are at your father's.

"Yes; but don't talk any more just now, if it tires you. Try to go to sleep again."

"You are good to me; better than I deserve," he responded, after a pause. Then, great tears welled up to his eyes, and coursed one after another down his thin, worn face. It was easy to see that he was weak as water. His long journey by rail without food had been too much for him, and in his state of health it was just possible that he might never rally.

The womanly nature of the outraged wife came uppermost, as it always does under such circumstances. Her love for the miserable creature lying there before her had been killed and crucified long ago, never to be revived. But he was the father of her child, the man she had once loved him, and that he was the father of her child. No matter how deeply he had wronged her, he was ill and suffering—perhaps dying. Punishment had come upon him without any act of hers. She contrasted his present bearing with that of other days. He was bent, broken, crushed. Nothing there to remind her of the stalwart, manly young fellow whose voice had once stirred her pulses to admiration and love. All the more reason why she should be good to him now, all undeserving as he might be. Our British Homer showed a true appreciation of the best side of feminine nature when he wrote—

> "O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wrive the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

She rose and approached the bed, while her eyes reader Willey of his face. Drawing forth her handkerchief, she wiped the salt tears from his cheeks with a caressing hand. To the husband and father, it seemed as she neither could nor ought to wipe the tear Divine Beneficence "whose blessed task," says Thackeray, "it will one day be to wipe the tears from every eye." Her gentleness caused the springs to well forth afresh, and the prostrate form was convulsed by sobs. She knelt by his side on the bed, and stanched the miniature flood with a tender touch. By and-by calm returned, and he sank into a profound and apparently dreamless sleep.

When he again awoke it was broad daylight. The first object on which his eyes rested was the patient watcher who had never left her post the whole night long, and who still sat in an armchair at his bedside, ready to minister to his comfort. As soon as she perceived that he was awake she approached and took his nearest hand in her own. He gazed steadily in her face, but could find no words to speak.

"You are rested now, are you not?" she murmured, softly breaking the silence.

After awhile he found his voice, and asked how long he had slept. Being enlightened on the point, he expressed his belief that it was time for him to rise.

"Not yet," was the response; "you shall have your breakfast in bed, and I will let the time enough to think about getting up. I forbid you to talk until you have had something to eat," she added, playfully. "I'm still for a time, while I go and see about the cup of tea." And so saying she left him to himself.

Presently she returned, bearing a tray and established. She quietly raised him to a sitting posture, and placed a large, soft pillow at his back. He submitted to her ministrations like a child. It was long since he had been fended with such care, and the position doubtless seemed a little strange to him. After drinking a cup of tea and eating several morsels of the substantials set before him he evidently felt refreshed. His eyes lost somewhat of their lack-lustre air of confirmed invalidism, and his voice regained a measure of its natural tone. When he attempted to rise and dress himself, however, he betrayed such a degree of bodily feebleness that his wife forbade him to make further exertions. He yielded to her importunities, and remained in bed, which was manifestly the best place for him. He was pestered with no unnecessary questions to account for his presence, Mrs. Savareen rightly considering that it was for him to volunteer any explanations he might have to make whenever he felt equal to the task.

After a while his little boy was brought in to see the father of whom he dimly remembered to have heard. His presence moved the sick man to further exhibitions of tearful sensibility, but seemed, on the whole, to have a salutary effect. Long absence and a vagabond life had not quenched the paternal instinct, and the little fellow was caressed with a fervor too genuine to admit the possibility of its being assumed. Master Reggie received these ebullitions of affection without much corresponding demonstrativeness. He could not be expected to feel any vehement adoration for one whom he had never seen since his earliest babyhood, and whose very name for some months past had been permitted to sink out of sight. His artless prattle, however, was grateful in the ears of the invalid, who listened to it as if entranced by sweet strains of music. His wasted—worse than wasted—past seemed to rise before him, as the child's accents fell softly upon his ear, and he seemed to realize more than ever how much he had thrown away.

In the course of the forenoon Mrs. Savareen's stepmother took her place in the sick chamber, and she herself withdrew to another room to take the rest of which she was by this time sorely in need. The invalid would not assent to the proposal to call in a physician. He declared that he was only dead tired, and that rest and quiet would soon restore him without medicine, in so far as any restoration was possible. And so the day passed by.

In the evening the wife again took her place at the bedside, and she had not been there long ere her husband voluntarily began his chapter of explanations. His story was a strange one, but there was no room to doubt the truth of any portion of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BAD HALF CROWN.

He began by comparing himself to the bad half-crown, which always finds its way back, and which has no right to expect a warm welcome on its return. "Were it not," said he, "that I feel myself to be pretty near the end of my tether, I scarcely could never have the face to tell you my story at all. But I feel that I am worn out, and don't think it likely that I shall ever leave this room except for the grave. You don't know everything, more than I have ever known it myself until within the last few hours. They say that when a man is drowning his end be seen to pass more than at any other time in his life. For my part I now see for the first time that I have never been anything but a worthless tout from my cradle. I have never been fit to walk alone, and if health and strength were to come back to me I should not be one whit better than I have been. I don't know, my wife, that you ever told you that I have a streak of gypsy blood in my veins. My grandmother was a Romany, picked up by my grandfather on Wandsworth Common. I don't offer this fact as any excuse for my conduct, but I have sometimes thought that it may have something to do with the pronounced vagabondism which has always been one of my most distinctive features. So long as I was at home in my father's house he kept me from doing anything very outrageous, but I was always a creature of impulse, ready to enter into any hare-brained scheme without counting the cost. I never looked a week ahead in my life. It was sufficient for me if the present was endurable, and if the general outlook for the future promised something new. My coming to this country in the first place was a mere impulse, inspired by a senseless liking for adventure, and a wish to see strange faces and scenes. My taking to Harrington's farm was an impulse, very largely due to its proximity to Lapierre's, who is a jolly landlord, and knows how to make his guests comfortable. I had no special aptitude for farm life; no special desire to get on in the world; no special desire to do anything except pass my time as pleasantly as I could, without thought or care for the future. And as I have fully made up my mind to make a clean breast of it, I am going to tell you something that you will perhaps despise me more than you ever despised me yet. When I married you I did so from impulse. Don't mistake me. I liked you better than any other woman I had ever seen. I liked your pretty face, and your gentle, girlish ways. I knew that you were good, and would make an excellent wife, and I felt very proud that I had such feeling towards you as a man should have towards the woman whom he intends to make the companion of his life—as I should have, for instance, as I have for you at this moment. Well, I married you, and we lived together as happily as most young couples do. I knew that I had a good wife, and you didn't know, or even suspect, what a brainless, heartless clod you had for your husband. Our married life glided by without anything particular happening to disturb it. But the thing became monotonous to me, and I had the unreasonable craving for change. We did fairly well on the farm, but once or twice I was on the point of proposing to you that we should emigrate to the United States. I began to drink more than was good for me, and two or three times when I came home half-seas over you reproached me, and looked at me in a way I didn't like. This I invariably resented, like the besotted fool I was. It seemed to me that you might have held your tongue. The feeling wasn't very strong on my part, and if it hadn't been for that cursed four hundred pounds, things might have gone on for some time longer. Of course I kept all this to myself, for I was at least sensible enough to feel ashamed of my want of purpose, and knew that I deserved to be horsewhipped for not acting more like you said I ought.

"The legacy from my father, if properly used, would have placed us on our feet. With a farm of my own, I might reasonably hope to become a man of more importance in our community than I had been. For a time this was the only side of the picture that presented itself to my mind. I began to contemplate my self as a landed proprietor, and the contemplation was pleasant enough. I bought the farm from Squire Harrington in good faith, and with no dishonest intention at the time of the transaction. When I left home on the morning of that 17th of July, I had no more intention of absconding than I now have of running for Parliament. The idea never so much as entered my mind. The morning was wet, and it seemed likely that we should have a rainy day. I was in a more loaferish mood than usual, and thought I might as well ride down to town to pass the time. The hired man, whom you should have forgotten, was within call at the moment, so I went out to the stable to saddle Black Bess for myself. Then I found that the inner front panel of the saddle had been torn by rats during the night, and that the metal plate was exposed. To use it in that state would have galled the mare's back, and it was necessary to place something beneath it. I looked about me in the stable, but saw nothing suitable, so I returned into the house to get some kind of an old cloth for the purpose. If you had been there I should have asked for what I wanted, but you were not to be seen, and when I called out more than once you did not answer. Then, in a fit of momentary stupid petulance, I went into the front bedroom, opened my trunk, and took out the first thing that came uppermost. I should have taken and used it for what I wanted just then, even if it had been a silk dress or petticoat; but it happened to be a coat of my own. I took it out to the stable, placed it under the saddle, and rode off. Before reaching the front gate I took it was that you had not answered my call, for, as you doubtless remember, you were out in the orchard with baby in your arms, at some distance from the house. I noticed that I had rode past, little thinking that years would elapse before I should see you again.

"I suppose you know all about how I spent the day. I had a bit of a quarrel with the clerk at the bank, and that put me out of humor. I had not intended to draw the money, but to leave it on deposit till next morning. Shuttleworth's ill-tempered remarks nettled me. I took the notes in a huff, and left the bank with them in my pocket. I ought to have had sense enough to ride home at once, but I went to the Peacock and muddled myself with drink. I felt elated at having such a large sum of money about me, and carried on like a fool and a sot all afternoon. I didn't start for home till a few minutes before dark. Up to that moment the idea of absconding out had never presented itself to my mind. But as I cantered along the quiet road I began to think what a good time I could have with four hundred pounds in my pocket, in some far-off place where I was not known, and where I should be free from incumbrances of every kind.

"In the half-befuddled condition in which I then was, the idea quickly took possession of my stupid imagination. I rode along, however, without coming to any fixed determination, till I reached Jonathan Perry's toll-gate. I exchanged a few words with him, and then resumed my journey. Suddenly it dashed upon me that, if I was really going to make a strike for it, nothing was to be gained by delaying my flight. What was the use of going home? If I ever got there I should probably be unable to summon up sufficient resolution to go at all. Just then I heard the sound of a horse's feet advancing rapidly down the road. An impulse seized me to get out of the way. But to do this was not easy. There was a shallow ditch along each side of the road, and the fence was too high for a leap. Before I could let down the rails and betake myself to the fields the horseman would be on the spot. As I cast a rapid glance this way and that, he came in front of the gateway of the lane leading down by the side of Stolliver's house to his barnyard. As it happened, the gate was open. On came the horse clattering down the road, and not a second was to be lost if I wished to remain unseen. I rode in, dismounted, shut to the gate, and led my mare a few yards down the lane to an overhanging black cherry tree, beneath which I ensconced myself. Scarcely had I taken up my position there when Jonathan and his rider passed at a swift trot down the road. It was too dark for me to tell at that moment who the rider was, but, as you will hear, I soon found out. I stood still and silent, with my hand on Bess's mane, cogitating what to do next. While I did so, Stolliver's front door opened, and he was visible standing in the front fence, where the old man lighted his pipe. Then I heard the horse and his rider coming back to the toll-gate. Jonathan, in another moment the rider drew up and began to talk to Stolliver. I listened with breathless attention, and heard every word of the conversation, which related to myself. I feared that Bess would neigh or paw the ground, in which case the attention of the speakers would have been drawn to my whereabouts. But, as my cursed fate would have it, the mare made no demonstration of any kind, and I was completely hidden from view by the darkness and by the foliage of the tree under which I stood. The horseman, as you probably know, was Lapierre, who had been despatched by you to bring me home. This proceeding on your part I regarded, in my then frame of mind, in the light of an indignity. A pretty thing, truly, if I was to be treated as though I was unable to take care of myself, and if my own wife was to send people to hunt for me about the neighborhood! I waited in silence till Lapierre had paid his second visit to the toll-gate and ridden off homewards. Still I waited, until old Stolliver and his boys returned into the house. Then I led the mare as softly as I could down the lane, and around to the back of the barn, where we were safe from observation.

"The reason I became glad at having eluded Lapierre, and then I determined on a course of action. Like the egotistical villain I was, I had no more regard for your feelings than I had for those of the stone. You should never suspect that I had wilfully deserted you, and should be made to believe that I had met with some misfortune in carrying out plans, I led the mare along the edges of the fields, letting down the fences wherever it was necessary to do so, and putting them carefully up again after passing through. I made my way down past the rear end of John Calder's lot, and so on to the edge of the swamp behind Squire Harrington's. How I could take no harm there during the night, and would be found safe enough on the morrow. I removed the bridle from her mouth, that she might nibble the grass, and left the bridle hanging round her neck, securing it so that she would not be likely to trip or throw herself. I showed far more consideration for the mare than for that of my bosom. I removed the saddle, so that she could lie down and roll, if she felt that way inclined. I took the cloth with me for a pad, and carried it a short distance into the swamp, when I threw it into a puddle of water. Deliberately taking my wife's bridal puncture the end of my finger with my jack-knife and stain my coat with the blood, but concluded that such a proceeding was unnecessary, for I knew that you would be mystified by the coat, as you knew quite well that I had not worn it when I left home in the morning. I bade farewell to poor Bess, and, unaccountable as it may seem to you, I was profoundly touched at parting from her in such a way. I embraced her neck and kissed her on the muzzle, and I felt more like a brute than I believe I was within an ace of shedding tears. Yet, not a thought of compunction on your account entered my stupid soul. I picked my way through the swamp to the fourth concession, and then struck out across unfrequented fields for Harborough station, eight miles off.

"The moon was up, and the light shone brightly all the way, but I skulked along the borders of the roads, for fear that I might encounter a human being. As I drew near the station I secreted myself on the dark side of an old shed, and lay in wait for the first train which might stop there. I did not have to remain more than about half an hour. A mixed train came along from the west, and as it drew up alongside the platform of the last car but one. To the best of my knowledge nobody saw me get aboard. I was not asked for my ticket until the train approached Hamilton, when I produced the half-crown, and got in my fare from Dundas, where I professed to have boarded the train. I got off at Hamilton, and waited for the eastbound express, which conveyed me to New York."

CHAPTER XV.

REGINALD BOURCHIER SAVAREEN DISCOVERS THAT HE WAS A FOOL.

Thus far Savareen has been permitted to tell his own story. I do not, of course, pretend that it came from his lips in the precise words in which it was recounted to me. For the sake of brevity and clearness, I have deemed it best to present the most salient portion of the narrative in the language in which it was related to me years afterwards by Mrs. Savareen herself, and I think I am warranted in saying that I have given the purport of her relation with tolerable exactness. It was, indeed, a story of the sequel in the same fashion, nor with anything like the same fulness of detail. The man unabashedly told his own tale, with evidence of absolute sincerity, and made no attempt to palliate or tone down anything that told against himself. He simply related how, sinking New York he had entered upon a career of wild dissipation. He drank, gambled and indulged in debauchery to such an extent that in just about six weeks he had got pretty nearly to the end of his four hundred pounds. He assumed a false name, and carefully kept himself from ever looking at the newspapers, so that he remained in ignorance of all that had taken place in the neighborhood of his home after his departure. Becoming tired of the life he was leading in the great city, he proceeded southward, and spent some months wandering about through the Southern States. His knowledge of horse-flesh enabled him to pick up a livelihood, and even, at times, to make money; but his drinking propensities steadily grew upon him, and drove him, and stood in the way of his permanent success in any pursuit. During a sojourn at a tavern in Lexington, Kentucky, he had formed an attachment for the daughter of his landlord. She was a good girl in her way, and knew how to take care of herself; but Mr. Jack Randall proved too much for her, and seduced her several grades above the ordinary frequenters of her father's place. Their marriage and subsequent adventures have been already related by the unhappy woman herself, during her conference with Mrs. Savareen at No. 77 Amity street.

The *soi-disant* Randall had gone on from bad to worse, until he had become the degraded creature of whom his wife had caught a momentary glimpse under the flare of the gas lamp, on her departure from the Amity street lodgings. The woman who supposed herself to be his wife, had accompanied him on a strange lady had called and been very kind to her, but she had told him nothing about the lady having come from Canada. Why she was thus reticent I am unable to say with certainty. Perhaps it was because she attached no importance to the circumstance, after the lady's departure, that the disappearance did not represent the man whom she wished to find. Perhaps she had some inkling of the truth, and dreaded to have her suspicions confirmed. She had seen her husband in a state of drunkenness, may very well have desired to sleep her last sleep without making any discovery concerning the extent of his mind. Whatever the cause may have been, she kept silence as to everything but the main fact that a kind lady had called and supplied her with a small sum of money to enable her husband and child. Savareen never learned or even suspected, that the lady who thus ministered to the wants of his wife was his own mother, until the truth was told to him by the wife herself. Small difference to him, however, where the money came from. He had no scruples about taking a part of it to buy drink for himself and one or two loafers he numbered among his personal acquaintances. But there was no thought in his mind of the actual wants of the young woman and her child. The little one breathed its last within two days of the departure of the lady and the mother followed it to the grave a week later.

Since then "Jack Randall" had dragged on a solitary existence in New York, and had been in the habit of saying to himself, whenever a dime he could lay hold of, by hook or by crook—and I fear it was sometimes by both—was spent in the old way. Then his health suddenly broke down, and for the first time he knew what it was to be weak and ill. Finally, he had been compelled to admit to himself that he was utterly beaten in the race of life; and with a profound depth of meanness which transcended any of his former deeds, he had resolved to return home, and, in his want and despair, to the wife he had so basely deserted. Since leaving Westchester he had heard nothing of her, direct or indirect; but he doubted not that she was supplied with the necessaries of life, and that she would yield him her forgiveness.

It is possible to sympathize with the prodigal son, but whose heart is wide enough to find sympathy for such a prodigal husband as this? His wife heard him patiently out to the very end. Then she told him of the arrival of Thomas Jefferson Haskins at the Royal Oak, and of the consequent visit to New York. The recital did not greatly move him. The telling of his own story had again reduced him to a state of extreme exhaustion, and he was for the time being incapable of further emotion. He soon after dropped asleep, and as he was tolerably certain not to awake until next morning, there was no occasion for further attendance upon him. Mrs. Savareen withdrew to another apartment, to ponder awhile, before retiring to rest, on the strange tale which she had heard.

Next morning it was apparent that Savareen was alarmingly ill, and that his illness did not arise solely from exhaustion. A doctor was called in, and soon pronounced his verdict. The patient was suffering from congestion of the lungs. The malady ran a rapid course, and in 'another week he lay white and cold in his coffin, the scar on his cheek showing like a great pale ridge on a patch of hoar-frost.

My story is told. The young widow donned the conventional weeds—"the trappings and the suits of woe"—prescribed by custom under such circumstances. It is only reasonable to believe that she sincerely mourned the loss of her girlhood's idol, but it was surely too much to expect that she would be overwhelmed by grief at the death of one who had been practically dead to her for years, and whose unworthiness had recently been so unmistakably brought home to her. With her subsequent fortunes the reader has no concern; but it can be no harm to inform him that she remains a widow still, and that she at this moment resides with her son—a prosperous lawyer—in one of the chief towns of Western Canada.

(THE END.)

A Card to Paragraphers.

Gentlemen, candidly and honestly now, did you ever really and actually know of a—

Man who threw a boot jack at a cat?
Woman who hit her husband with a rolling pin?
Dog that bit the seat out of the beau's trousers?
Cow than wo was rich?
Boy who was allowed in the parlor to ask disagreeable questions of callers?
Man who took away husband's latch key?
Husband who blanked when he heard his wife's mother was coming?
Man who was shot for playing cornet or accordeon?
And if so, where do these people live?

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Bumpsher's Devil.

When I tell you that the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher was possessed of a devil, you must not suppose that that lofty moralist was addicted either to black arts or to spicy dishes at jovial hours. The Lord Chief Baron was very strict and orthodox, and his devil was a shy lame secretary. The world, notably that of horsehair wigs and silk gowns, is envious of eminence. To this must be attributed the fact that the great success of the Chief Baron present set down to Stephen Maudsley, the "devil" aforesaid. It was said that until the good law and sound sense of his hidden assistant appeared in the speeches of the Lord Chief Baron they were inflated and puerile, in spite of a fine voice and imposing person inherited from his father, the Bishop. This belief was accentuated by a *mot* of the Master of Corpus: "The Bumpshers are a talented family. The Bishop was a clever lawyer, and his son is a good preacher!"

But I must tell you that by a grotesque accident Stephen Maudsley did powerfully contribute to his patron's success. Once, when the Chief Baron was only a struggling barrister he was asked to deliver a lecture at a philanthropic institute by Lord Prendergast. He had nothing ready, but Stephen Maudsley came forward with the MS. of an old rejected magazine article. Bumpsher decorated it with a few flowers of rhetoric, and gave to it an imposing title, The Shackles of Woman. Its teaching was that as long as woman is trained to believe that her mission in life is to pounce upon the first practicable husband, she will remain dependent and ignorant, and marriages will be generally unhappy. As a remedy, it was suggested that she should be educated, and independence opened up for her in literature, art, and other channels. The lecture took immensely with Lord Prendergast, who came shortly afterwards into the Ministry, and pushed Bumpshers' fortunes. It took, too, with Miss Binks, the heiress. She heard the lecture delivered, and by and by became the second Mrs. Bumpsher.

Is life worth living? This was an enigma started in popular magazines a few years back; and I think that the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher, seated, as we may now see him, in his fine library at The Priory, should of all men answer the question in the affirmative. He has worldly success, and many gifts, physical and mental; he has the wife of his choice, and with her the green slopes of The Priory, that stretch away outside his open window, till arrested by blue distances of elm. He has a talented subordinate in the house to look up his law and write his letters. He has a library emphatically classical, the books bound in dull maroon, and the pattern of the wall of dead gold and bronze and olive. No author more recent, I believe, than Addison and Steele figures on those walls. In one corner stands a marble Demosthenes, an orator before the era of Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher. In another corner stands a marble Aristides, a just man before the era of the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher. Is he happy?

I must answer emphatically, No! and the reason of his disquiet is to be sought in an oaken lodge-gate and a briar-clad cottage two hundred yards from The Priory. Chilcote is the estate of Lady Almack, and Lady Almack represents the most exclusive Tory circle. And although the Lord Chief Baron handsomely added a pretty Gothic cottage for the schoolmaster when Lady Almack built her denominational school, the oaken lodge-gate of Chilcote remained as steadily closed as in the days of the Binkses, the earlier owners of The Priory. The Binkses had emerged from soap. This will make more intelligible a strange event that happened this very morning. A card, bearing the inscription, "Mr. Edgar Hawtayne, Grenadier Guards," was suddenly placed in the judge's hand. The Hon. Edgar Hawtayne was the eldest son of Lady Almack. Why had he called?

A good-looking young man of two-and-twenty with easy manner, enters the library. He is not long in announcing his errand after a few commonplaces.

"The fact is, Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher, I admire Miss Bumpsher."

Here the young man glanced at a water-color portrait of a pretty girl hanging near.

"Admire that drawing—admire—the young lady!" And our orator neglected for once to make a rounded sonorous sentence in his extreme bewilderment.

"The young lady," said the Guardsman, without the least diffidence.

"I didn't know—I was not aware—that you knew my daughter——"

"I danced with her at Lady Burlington's."

"And—and—I don't quite understand——"

"Well, the position is this: my mother, as you, perhaps, may guess would not, I fancy, like the marriage——"

"O, indeed!" said the Lord Chief Baron, a little queerly.

"Well, mothers always hate the choice of their sons, you know; so I didn't like to call without giving you warning."

"Well, but, you know, so solemn an engagement as marriage——" The Chief Baron was becoming himself once more.

"Ah, but there's no solemn engagement in the matter! All that sort of thing is a long way off yet. All depends upon Miss Bumpsher."

"But——"

"Papa, lunch is ready," said a girlish voice, and a question of very high morality was cut short. Also, young Hawtayne was carried away to the dining-room.

"Mr. Maudsley" said the Lord Chief Baron, introducing a keen-eyed gentleman with gray hair. This gentleman was afflicted with an awkward limp as he took his place at the table.

For many days the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher was beside himself with excitement. What prospects were not opened up by this alliance with Lord and Lady Almack! The latter was queen in the world of women, and did not the world of women rule the world of men? Was it not also a logical sequence that if his daughter married the Hon. Edgar Hawtayne, the splendid tiara of Lady Almack would one day be hers? Then, too, he regarded himself, the Liberals without doubt had done a great deal for him; but what legal gentleman ever thinks that his patrons have done enough? With the influence of Lady Almack, who position might he not grasp! All men of the world are aware that politics with a lawyer mean simply a brief, even if in the present turn of the party cotillion buff favors, and true-blue favors, and emerald-green favors had not been generously transferred to most inappropriate breasts. These sorts of fancies chased through the breast of Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher for many days; and during these Mr. Hawtayne called, and flirted, and followed Kate Bumpsher to flower-show and fancy bazaar.

One day the Lord Chief Baron deemed that the time had arrived to speak to his daughter. He narrated the flattering proposals of Mr. Hawtayne.

"O papa, I'm so distressed at anything of the sort having occurred!"

"What—what do you mean?" said the Lord Chief Baron, quite thunderstruck that there should be any hesitation on his daughter's part.

"I can never marry him," said the young girl quietly but firmly.

"You are an inexperienced girl," said the father, when he could find words, "you do not know what you are refusing."

"What you desire, papa, is quite impossible; love does not depend on our own choice."

"My dear, the match is most desirable, for Lady Almack rules the best society of England, and the two properties will much improve each other. And you will one day be Lady Almack, a more powerful Lady Almack even than the present one."

"Papa, I have no ambition."

"My love, this is preposterous. Consider the enormous influence for good——"

"Papa," said the young girl, getting up and fetching a small book bound in morocco from the shelves, "you must recollect that you have been my teacher."

"To what do you allude?"

"I have learnt much from your writings. I study deeply this little volume, The Shackles of Woman."

"Yes, yes," said the father a little impatiently.

"What you say here is so very, very true. 'Providence has appointed to every one a solitary soul that beats in unison to his or her soul. You may call it an affinity, or what you will. Marriage with that soul means the acme of happiness: marriage with any other means the acme of misery.'"

"Yes, yes, that is very true," said the Lord Chief Baron curtly; "but Hawtayne is a fine young fellow, honest, of good ability. He is your affinity."

"No, papa, he is not."

"Now, what can you know—you, an inexperienced raw girl?"

"Your little volume has given me a guide. Listen to this: 'The sole test is intuition, the guide and director that dwells within.'"

"If it were possible for such a moralist as the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher to "curse" or "confound," I that at this moment he would have mildly anathematized the little volume The Shackles of Woman.

"My dear," he said, with some effort at self-mastery, "lectures at philanthropic institutions deal rather with an ideal world than with the actual world in which we live. The philanthropist, like the poet, imagines a better and a happier one. Experience teaches him, alas, that we cannot actually reach such a world, but every effort to approach it makes us happier here."

"Papa," said the girl, with unexpected resolution, "I know quite well that I can never love Mr. Hawtayne."

The father was struck with the earnestness of her manner. "Do you, then, love anybody else?" he asked nervously.

"Yes, papa, I do."

"Who is it?"

"Stephen Maudsley."

"Fool! because he hasn't a farthing in the world! He is a hopeless cripple! He is old enough to be your father!"

"He is a noble soul," said the young girl calmly.

"This is quite preposterous! Never let me hear of such nonsense again!"

. . . . . .

A year has passed, and the days of Kate Bumpsher have not been happy. During this time Maudsley has been banished from The Priory, and the young girl has gone away to join her invalid mother at Bournemouth.

Throughout the year the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher has persisted in completely ignoring the conversation just detailed. It was a little maiden coyness, he thought, that was all; and he persuaded himself into the belief that no real opposition had been offered. One day young Hawtayne formally proposed to the father, who coolly accepted on the part of his daughter, and determined at once to have an interview with Lady Almack.

When you are ushered into the pretty drawing-room of Chilcote, and see before you a slim lady of gentle manners, it is difficult to believe that you are in the presence of one whose very name chases the blood from younger sons, parvenus, and detrimentals. "What can I do for you, Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher?" said the lady, with the most winning grace.

The Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher, remembering that he was a great orator, said: "In politics, Lady Almack, sections of society are ranged in formidable, also in rigid, lines. But in private these are not necessarily bound to frown at and slaughter each other. We are only official foes, if I may use the word."

"I thought that these were the days of Unionist and Union," said Lady Almack soothingly.

"Yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, "the day is undoubtedly coming when Whig and Tory must stand shoulder to shoulder to save society from many grave dangers. Both abroad and at home theories and doctrines are widely propagated which threaten to overthrow society." Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher thought it right to be diplomatic. There are times when we may take the eagle as a model; there are times when we may learn a lesson of the hedge-sparrow.

"All that is too true."

"I have come to talk to you about my daughter."

"How interesting! I hear she is quite a girl in a thousand."

"She has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, nor have I that pleasure."

"But I have the pleasure of knowing you, Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher; I quite idolise your little work, The Shackles of Woman."

"Yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, a little staggered. "Perhaps in the matter of married happiness I go in that little volume rather too far, though wealth and luxury do not really secure happiness.

"O, I am quite delighted with the part about the affinities," said Lady Almack, taking up the book, which happened to be on her little *causeuse* near: "'Providence has appointed to every one a solitary soul that beats in unison to his or her soul. . . . Marriage with that soul means the acme of happiness: marriage with any other means the acme of misery.'"

"Yes, yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, rubbing his hands. That his pen had won over this most worldly woman was at least flattering.

"You must certainly introduce me to your daughter directly she returns. Her married happiness is my first thought."

The Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher nearly jumped into the air. This remark astonished him more than anything that had happened since he had set foot in the pretty drawing-room of Chilcote, and the interest in his daughter's happiness, shown by Lady Almack, whose reputation was so great in the highest circles of society, puzzled him not a little.

"And when do you expect Mrs. Maudsley?"

"Mrs. Maudsley!" said the Lord Chief Baron.

"Lord Almack did all he could in the matter. He got Mr. Maudsley the school, so that the house you built for the schoolmaster will not be thrown away. Mrs. Maudsley, I hear, is a capital teacher."

The murder was out. Miss Bumpsher had run away with Mr. Maudsley, and Lady Almack through kindness or diplomacy, had got them her school.

His Past Life.

Miss Decollete (sarcastically)—I like your way of introducing people, Mr. Airbrake.

Mr. A.—What's the matter with it?

Miss D.—Why, you jumble the names up so I can't understand any of them. What makes you do it?

Mr. A.—Habit, Miss Decollete, habit, I assure you. I used to be a brakeman on a passenger train.

Any Port in a Storm.

It is raining cats and dogs. Ted, who has quarrelled with his best girl, is toiling up the avenue with the virtuous intention of dining *en famille* when Jed accosts him.

Jed—What! You're not going home!

Ted (wearily)—Yes, old man. Any port in a storm, you know.

Plenty of Brains, But Not The Right Quality

First boy—Does your grandpa smoke a pipe?

Second boy—Not now. Last week he went to sleep with a short pipe in his mouth, and the fire reached his celluloid teeth and they exploded, bursting his head open.

First boy—What a fool! Didn't he have any brains!

Second boy—Oh, lots of brains! They've ruined the frescoed ceiling.

The Flight of Time.

Stranger—Excuse me, young man, but is your watch going?

Young man (feelingly)—No, sir; it's gone!

Not an Enthusiastic Dancer.

Miss Bremer (sympathetically)—It was so awkward of me, and I'm so sorry.
Mr. Weasley (painfully)—Is anybody looking?
Miss Bremer—Not a soul.
Mr. Weasley—Please let me stay here a few minutes. It's the only place I've been comfortable in to-night.

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Capital Punishment by Electricity.

The capital punishment in New York State after January 1st next year will be by electricity. Already our neighbors across the line are considerably exercised as to what the outcome of this new departure will be. It is claimed by the supporters of death by hanging that the moral result of the change will be a failure in the deterring influence which was a marked feature under the old system.

SATURDAY NIGHT has no such forebodings, and is an out and out advocate of death by electricity. That executions will lose their morbid attractiveness for the public is a consummation devoutly to be desired, but that the mode of carrying out the last sentence of the law has any influence on the commission of crime we do not believe. Nothing but the certainty or uncertainty of punishment influences the contemplation of crime. Men who stop to consider the result of crime go no further than the chances of discovery and the certainty of punishment. The mode of punishment, it is safe to assume, never enters into the murderer's calculations until after the assumption of the black cap and his own relegation to the horrors of the condemned cell.

That death by electricity is painless should be no drawback to the adoption of the system. The administration of the law is not designed for torture, but for the proper punishment of crime, and any infliction of unnecessary suffering is contrary to the spirit of the age in which we live. From the standpoint of humanity alone death by electricity is preferable to all other modes. The gallows, the guillotine, the axe, the sword and the garotte are legacies of the brutal past—death by electricity is the humane outcome of the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century.

The Too-generous Man.

With selfishness apparent in almost every act we commit, it perhaps seems ungracious to find fault with that not uncommon type, the man who is "too generous by half." And yet the duty resting upon every man, to be just before he is generous, is one that needs to be insisted upon.

We do not include in this category the man who subscribes handsomely because it is fashionable, who puts down his name for an amount he can ill afford, not that he is in sympathy with the object, but simply because he shrinks from the appearance of meanness. Such are not of the generous order of men—they are simply sorry specimens of how weak-minded men can be.

The letter to his wife left by a man who took his own life in New York a few weeks ago furnishes a case in point, in this passage:

"Life has been a struggle with me. I am near its end. You have been a true and noble woman, and have borne with me patiently. I have been a busy man—generous to a fault; my heart has been bigger than my purse; no one has ever turned away from me in hunger, and many of those aided had no claim on my charity. I leave my dear wife in the hands of her good and precious God."

It is impossible not to admire a warm-hearted and generous man whose fault was merely a virtue in excess. But, somehow, the question will arise: What right has a husband and father to give so much to those who have no claim on him as to leave his wife and children dependent at his death? In the larger sense it is true that "God will provide" for the widow and the fatherless—yet we are not to suppose that this excludes us as husbands and fathers from assisting in the good work. Yet, as a cold matter of fact, is not the provision commonly made by keeping boarders, or taking in sewing, or some other form of work, by those who survive the "big-hearted man" who was "generous to a fault?"

Yes! there is a golden mean between the calculating avarice which forbids all acts of benevolence or charity, in the effort to heap up superfluous wealth to perpetuate the poor pride of purse, and the careless liberality that spends or gives away everything, and leaves wife and children to the care of Providence. Generosity is a noble trait, and within certain limits is to be admired and imitated, but only when it shall have prudence for a guide.

Why We Go to Church.

Why do we go to church? Aye! there's the rub. If we could only lay bare the reason that is within us, what an exposure of whited sepulchres there would be in our midst. At the same time, we are not altogether insincere in the matter. Early training has laid the groundwork of what to many becomes a confirmed habit in after life. There are men, many of them on the borderland of agnosticism, nay, who have long ago thrown to the winds the simple faith of early youth, who would be of all men the most miserable were they debarred from the privilege of attending a place of worship. Partakers of the service, in the real sense of the term, they are not, and yet year in and year out they sit side by side with the elect and listen with them to the touching story of the lowly Nazarene. Others with the artistic temperament strongly developed love the church for the sake of its beautiful music, the rich glow of its coloring, but with whom it would be impossible to remember one word of the sermon half an hour after its close, but, nevertheless, who remember for weeks after the anthem that was sung, where the choir muffed it, and can prove beyond all manner of doubt—to themselves—that the organist is a mere musical machine without an atom of real soul in the rendering of sacred song. With these the order of things is reversed. The pulpit to them is but an auxiliary to the choir, and the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession of Faith, etc., etc., are all but unknown quantities.

The middle-aged gentleman whose outward appearance betokens a pleasant balance on the dexter side of his banking account, goes because it is respectable, and the proper thing you know. The three young ladies of uncertain age, who are unfailing in their attendance, wouldn't for the world miss the weekly chance to air their milliner's skill, and let us not ignore the presence of the golden youth with the consumptive moustache, who loves to range himself alongside the church door, who cares not for the sermon, who despises the music, but who possesses an uncommonly appreciative idea of the impression he creates on the feminine hearts which pass before his critical gaze.

But let us not forget the larger number to whom the House of Prayer is indeed the Father's House—a peaceful refuge where the broken covenant is renewed, and the weary spirit strengthened and refreshed for the cares and temptations of the coming week. None can know better the worth of those than he who worthily fills the office of pastor or priest. No particular class in the community can claim a majority of them, for they belong to all grades in our social life, the rich and the poor, the lofty and the lowly are each represented. And although such as these are often voted slow, although they may lack that incisive power of speech which leaves a sting wherever its accents fall, although they are no adepts in scandal and love it not, although they are old-fashioned enough to regard pastor, clergyman or priest with the kindly feelings born of mutual respect, yet the conviction is ours that theirs are the feet which shall assuredly tread the green pastures in the valley of eternal peace, and theirs the invitation to "go up higher" at the marriage feast of the Lamb.

Hints to Ocean Travelers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, bearing in mind the numerous prayers offered up in our churches at this period for wealthy sinners traveling by water, submits a few "don'ts" for the guidance of future travelers.

Don't be eternally hinting that there is something wrong with the screw.

Don't patronize the steerage folks. Some of them have forgotten more than you ever knew.

Don't be hurt because you can't sit at the Captain's table. The Doctor and other officers like to have "good fellows" around them as well as the captain.

Don't abuse the officers because the foreign steamer has walked away from you. Depend upon it they feel it more than you.

Don't monkey with the donkey engine.

Don't deny that you are ill when you are.

Don't endeavor to talk the captain to death.

Don't seek for a nautical education in one trip.

Don't take everybody's remedy for seasickness.

Don't eat as if there was to be but one meal a day.

Don't go to the table unless confident of your ability to stay there.

Don't get into the wrong state room by mistake more than twice a day.

Don't call "steward" or "stewardess" more than fifty times in one night.

Don't carry on a flirtation with girls who are traveling to get married.

Don't imagine the steward thinks more of you than any other passenger.

Don't "catch on" to a reversible settee when the steamer gives a lurch.

Don't try to be gallant with ladies on deck unless you have your sea legs on.

Don't put more money into pools than you can spare; this is quite important.

Don't forget the third commandment when you go head over heels on deck.

Don't wear a high hat until land has been sighted and the pilot has come aboard.

Don't forget that you are not the only passenger; this is a very common mistake.

Don't think it a part of the officers' duties to answer the most difficult conundrums.

Don't entertain nervous old ladies with tales of awful wrecks and disasters at sea.

Don't think it "smart" or "clever" to go ashore without tipping the steward.

Don't forget to give your steamer suit to the steward; he knows how to pawn them.

Don't forget to assure the Captain that you will never, no never, sail with any one else.

Don't make too much of an exhibition of yourself, if you are not feeling like Richard.

Don't consider that you sing or play well enough to refuse to contribute to a concert.

Don't be sentimental or romantic enough to recite poetry, even on moonlight nights.

Don't tell everybody on board ship the exact number of times you have crossed the sea.

Don't quarrel with the stout party who always appropriates somebody's steamer chair.

Don't delude yourselves with the idea that the people in the next cabin can't hear you talk.

Don't think that everybody knows how very important you are when you are at home.

Don't be "too uppish"; such passengers always bump their heads and get tar on their clothes.

Don't tell the steward how much you are going to give him, for then he will not expect anything.

Don't, please don't, take your medicine at meals. Consider the fastidious, how they shudder.

Don't be disagreeable; remember you may be 10,000 leagues under the sea before morning. This ought to make you cheerful.

The Route-Boy Papers.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

I'M a route-boy. "Routes" are an institution in Canada; a respectable stepping-stone kind of institution, an independent self help kind of institution, mighty characteristic of the kind of metal we Canadians are made of. A fellow who always gets down to the office on time, delivers his papers properly, pounds the life out of the duffer who steals the paper from the door, earns his own living while obtaining the higher education, is bound to make his route the straight route to success in life. I know fellows, millionaires mind you, some of them merchants, lawyers, newspaper editors and proprietors, men of science, and University honor men, all route-boys. The fellow who wants to get ahead of a Toronto route-boy will have to get up pretty early in the morning. I get up at half-past three. It's kind of tough sometimes, but we have an alarm clock, and I stand it on a chair at my bedside close to my ear, and I tell you when that clock sings out suddenly, and gets on its hind legs and kicks up a racket, you've got to waken, that's all about it. I generally get through with my route about six o'clock; when I get home, get a good wash, stow away a couple of plates of rolled oats porridge and a pint of sweet milk, and then I feel kind of fixed up like and ready for school. Course I always go to bed between 7 and 8 p.m. It's pretty early I know, but I like it now I'm used to it.

We boys get more fun than enough out of the sights we see as we go hustling about with our papers at four o'clock in the morning. It makes a fellow weary to see a lot of heavy swells reeling home in a half dead and alive condition, like I saw five of them the other morning. They were coming up York street—awful swells with light colored overcoats and no end of fine clothes, but oh my! didn't they look tough though. One or two were pretending to play baseball, going through the movements; another was holding the skirts of his coat and pretending he was a lady crossing the gutter, when suddenly he landed on his beam ends. I don't know what ailed the other but I think he must have got the D. T.'s, for he would look so scared at the sidewalk and then make a grab at something, though there wasn't a blessed thing to be seen, and when he couldn't get what he was diving after he would look so white, and shiver and shake like a brass monkey. They were society fellows I could see, but they were a lot of boozy toughs all the same.

In these summer mornings when I get out into the suburbs there's the greatest fun watching the crow fights. Don't they fight though! Saw one this morning. He went strutting and poking about the fields till he dug up a great big worm, near a foot long. Well, sir, the moment he flew up with it, out darts another crow, a lazy fellow who had been taking it easy up in a tree, and he makes a grab for the worm and two, three more came along and they fought and squawked, and all the time the first crow was trying to get away and gobble down his worm. But I'm blest if they didn't manage to take the poor fellow's worm from him, after him digging it up! I shied a couple of rocks at them, but they're too cute for anything, crows are, they go in for boodle like human beings.

Then there's the bicyclers. If you want to get fun, you just come along with me some morning and watch the fellows learning to ride the bicycle. You know they get up at cock-shout so they won't be seen, and oh! to watch the capers they cut! First they flop on this side, then on that, then they take a header right over the front with the wheel riding on top of them—as good as a circus. Sometimes I'm like to die watching them. Then they'll get up again and for a minute they'll sit up prim and solemn as an owl, and they begin to move their feet, and the wheel goes round and away they go right smack up against a tree—oh, man! don't I just love to see them though!

But, oh Jerusalem! hedges and ditches! Donnelly and Shakespeare! If you'd only got a glimpse of the balcony scene I saw the other morning! It was out in the suburbs, and I was hustling along with my papers, whistling away and knocking the heads off the dandelions, when a red-headed Romeo came bowling past me on his bicycle. He just knew how to make that wheel go, and he was a good-looking fellow enough, only for his brick-top. Well, 'course he soon got away ahead o' me, but I smelt a rat, 'cause I'd seen him there several times afore, so I whistled up Jingo and clapt on steam. He made straight away up the Avenue road hill, got down and picked up some pebbles, hoisted the bicycle over a fence, and when he got under a certain window he lit, shied the pebbles up at the window and waited. Course I waited too. I kept out o' sight, but I'd my eye on them all the same, and the first thing I knew, the window opened, and a pretty girl in a white night-gown pops out her head and leans over and laughs down at him, and her hair all hanging down round her face; oh, I tell you what! Well, sir, there they stood, he with his arm resting gracefully on his bicycle, looking awfully soft up into her face, and saying something, and she leaning out over the window, with her hand holding to the shutter to half hide herself, and her white teeth shining between her red lips all the time she was smiling and teasing him. Pshaw! that balcony scene I saw in the Grand once wasn't a circumstance to it. If ever I go sparking, which isn't likely, for a while yet anyway, I think I'd like to go this way, on a bicycle at four o'clock in the morning, when nobody but cats and crows are wakened up yet, but you bet I'll take good care there ain't any route boys about to tumble to the racket.

But the cats—oh crickey! the cats. It will do any body good just to take a prowl round in the morning and see the cats. Black cats, white cats, grey cats, yellow cats. Jupiter! You ought to see them on the fences, with their backs up, and their tails like foxes, glowering in each other's faces and howling up and down the scale for all they're worth. When my dog hears that, he just stiffens out his tail and makes a bee line for that fence, and then you should just hear the scatteration. One morning there was a big Tom shut in the porch where I had to leave my paper. Jingo he smelt the cat and began pawing and barking to get at it, and the cat it was wurring and spitting inside. I know maybe I shouldn't a done it, but I couldn't resist the temptation to let Jingo in just to see what the cat would do. Well, of course I had to open the porch door anyway to put in the paper, and Jingo he got in—and oh hedges! The howl and the yells of them two! I got scared myself, and the whole house jumped out o'bed and ran down-stairs, thinking some burglar was murdering the hired girl. I'm sorry now I did it though, for Jingo he got the worst of it. That cat clawed him so, he's blind of one eye, and can't hardly see out of the other ever since, and whenever he hears a cat now, he always looks the other way.

Another characteristic feature of the landscape at sunrise is the group of policemen you see hanging round the brewery on Simcoe street. The smell of the malt seems to draw them like it draws flies. You see, there's nobody up at that time to notice them, and we—well, we're only route boys you know; alleesamee, we've got eyes in our heads and don't you forget it. It's killing to see Jack Wilson dodge round the corner and whisper through his hands to them, "Say Bobby, are ye waitin' fer yer beer?"

And now, Mister Editor, you just make up your mind that I'll keep you posted on all the things I see when I'm hustling round, and if the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT don't know what's going on at sunrise it will be no fault of mine; and, more'n that, I'll tell nothing but what I really do see. There's nothing side about this—

ROUTE BOY.

From My Back Window.

For Saturday Night.

A sparrow hops upon the eave-trough there,
And through the slats a changeful breeze is blown
Upon me with the mingled, merry tone
Of other sparrows in the poplars. Fair
The sun is shining, and the holy air
Is quiet almost, and a peace unknown
Re-sts on the scene. Yonder a cloud alone,
Reverent, goes by with noiseless garments rare.

A murmur from the city's busy din
Floats o'er the house-tops, muffled sounds that steal
To make the calm more rich this afternoon.
Responsive dwells a quietness within
To look upon the slight without, and feel
How sweet a time it is, this day in June.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. J. J. FERGUSON.

Oratory v. Shrewdness.

Half a dozen sharp and jagged words will often demolish the greatest intellectual Goliath. Once in the United States Senate, Charles Sumner had delivered a masterly oration which no one of his contemporaries cared to answer. Only an exhaustive speech or an apt arrow of epigram could fill the bill at sight. Stephen A. Douglas, the "little giant," saw his opportunity, and remarked in the hearing of the entire Senate that the speech "would be all well enough if everybody had not known that the senator from Massachusetts had been practising it for days in front of his looking glass, with a little nigger holding a candle." The senate was convulsed with laughter, Sumner was speechless with rage and hisoration was already answered. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Elisha Williams, in closing a plea for a client charged with murder, "if you can find this unhappy prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime with which he has been charged, after the adverse and irrefragrable arguments which I have laid before you, pronounce your fatal verdict; send him to lie in chains upon the dungeon floor, waiting the death which he is to receive at your hands; then go to the bosom of your families, go lay your heads on your pillows—and sleep if you can!" But the effect of these words was neutralized by an unlettered pettifogger, who, having volunteered to follow the prosecuting attorney, arose and said, "Gentlemen of the jury, after the weeping speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, I would despair of saying anything; to do away with its eloquence. I never heard Mr. Williams speak that piece of his'n better than he spoke it now. One't I heard him speak it in a case of stealing down to Schaghticoke; then he spoke it again in a case of rape up to Æsopus; and the last time I heard it, before jist now, was when them niggers was tried—and convicted, too, they was—for robbin' Van Pelt's henhouse over beyond Kingston. But I never know'd him to speak it so elegant and affectin' as what he spoke it jes' now." And so coarse shrewdness got the better of learning and graceful oratory.

The late Rev. Henry Ware of Boston was once in a curious predicament. In the middle of a sermon his memory failed him and he stopped abruptly. The pause seemed long to the preacher before he regained his thought, and he imagined the sermon to be a failure in consequence; but as he walked quietly up the aisle, a different impression was given to him. "How did you like the sermon?" asked one hearer of another. "Like it? It is the best sermon Mr. Ware has ever preached. That pause was sublime!"

On Divers Strings

A Rajput Nurse.

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo! under this tamarind tree,
With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to see,
Was he holy Brahman, or Yogi, or Chief of the Rajput line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine?"

"May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, "Protector of all the poor!
It was not for holy Brahman they carved that delicate door:
Nor for Yogi, nor Rajput Rana, bulls they this gem of our land;
But to tell of a Rajput woman, as long as the stones should stand.

"Her name was Moti, the pearl-name; 'twas far in the ancient times;
But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes;
And because she was young, and comely, and of goodly repute, and had laid
A babe in the arms of her husband, the Palace-Nurse she was made:

"For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Jodhpore city had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride;
The heir of the peacock-banner, of the five-colored flag, of the throne
Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone;

"From times when, forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,
As all good Rajputs have told us; so Moti was proud and true,
With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown baby too.

"And the Rajput women will have it (I know not myself of these things)
As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord's and the Jodhpore King's;
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust its part.

"He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken his fill;
He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled and still;
And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round the Rana's child,
As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from treason wild.

"For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had sought
The life of the heir of the gadi, to the Palace in secret brought;
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they made their way
Through the line of the guards, and the gateways, to the hall where the women lay.

"There Moti, the foster-mother, sat singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the King's son held to her breast;
And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal's skin
Keeping the time of her soft song—when—Saheb!—there hurried in

"A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face:
'Oh! Moti! men come to murder my Lord the Prince in this place!
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them unawares,
Hark that is the noise of their tulwars,* the clatter upon the stairs!'

"For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
The King's child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and wet,
Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows in haste;

"And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King's son wore;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Rajah's joy,
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

"But there (so they deemed) in his jewels lay, the Chota Rana,† the Heir;
'The cow with two calves has escaped us,' cried one, 'it is right and fair
She should save her own butcha; ‡ no matter! the edge of the dagger ends
This spark of Lord Raghoba's sunlight; stab thrice and four times, O friends!'

"And the Rajput women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
That Moti's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince;
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his Prince.

"Thereby did that Rajput mother preserve the line of our Kings,"
"Oh! Vittoo," I said, "but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,
And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace! May be
She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child on her knee."

"May it please the Presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth not so! they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest would have;
But the same night deep in her true heart she buried a knife and smiled,
Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my child!'"

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

* Indian swords. † "Little King." ‡ "Little one."

Here and There.

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY.

She had suffered with the phthisic and had taken tons of physic,
And whole barrelful of bitters, and whole loads of nauseous pills;
She'd been troubled with miasma and all choked up with the asthma,
And been shaken for a month or two with ague and the chills;
She had the yellow fever, of which nothing could relieve her,
And the rheumatism lamed her so she could not go about:
And she groaned with tonsilitis and the most acute bronchitis,
And she suffered endless tortures from the twinges of the gout.
She had tried old school physicians, Christian scientists, magicians,
Indian doctors, electricians and magnetic healers all,
And drank tons of nauseous liquor, but grew ever sick and sicker—
And they got the undertaker to prepare her shroud and pall.
Then great auction sales of laces, advertised in various places,
Caught her feverish eye one morning—and she leaped up sound and well!
She shook off death's stiffening rigor, and with most emphatic vigor,
She grabbed her husband's pocket-book and rushed down town pell-mell. *Ex.*

* * *

The action of the authorities in charging citizens for admission to the Horticultural Garden grounds on the night of Gilmore's concert has excited much comment. However, it appears the matter admits of an easy explanation.

* * *

The gardens were engaged by the Gilmore people *prior* to the transfer of the former to the city. Hence these tears. After this the public will be free of the guild.

* * *

A boon indeed it is which the council has given us in the way of band music, and respectable, orderly, and appreciative are the crowds that take it all in. The band of the Body Guards played last week and shows marked improvement. There was room for it and to spare. The officers of our crack cavalry corps will have to bestir themselves if they desire to keep up with the procession which is at present headed by the band of the Q. O. R., with the Grenadiers a close second.

* * *

The city police have been the recipient of a fair amount of abuse through the columns of the local press in connection with the case of the reverend gentleman who failed to "move on" last Wednesday week. The ruling of the police magistrate has also been severely criticised. With regard to the former it may fairly be claimed that any comparison between Toronto conservers of the peace and those of other towns would not be to the shame and confusion of the local force, and, touching the latter it is the opinion of many honest citizens that Colonel Denison acted very properly, and within the lines when he refused to discuss the question of abusive language on the part of the constable. Constable Jarvis' conduct on this occasion did not come within the jurisdiction of the Police Magistrate, but of the Police Commissioners, and doubtless will be dealt with by the latter in due season. All that the Police Magistrate had to consider was as to whether the defendant obeyed the order of the constable to "move on." The weight of evidence proved conclusively that he did not, for which offence he was most properly fined by the police magistrate.

* * *

And now the reverend gentleman, it is to be expected, will proceed at once to anoint the head of Constable Jarvis with the holy oil of vitriol. He evidently has a strong case, and should he decide to take the same into court, the constable's career as a public officer is liable to be brought to a somewhat ignominious close.

* * *

Whisky informers, and in fact all sorts and conditions of spies, are very properly looked upon with the contempt which such natures deserve. But there is one individual in our midst whom language fails to describe. The "seething of a kid in its mother's milk" is not one whit more horrible than the scheme of the young man, whose villainous efforts to secure the conviction of a parent through the affection of a daughter resulted, happily, in the complete discomfiture of the officers of the crown and the release of the Smiths from custody last week. Perhaps it is necessary for the law to use such instruments—but, oh! the pity of it!

* * *

Some of the appliances of our modern civilization have done much to brighten the pathway of our lives and to enable us to answer Mr. Malloch's momentous question with a decided affirmative. The railway and the telegraph have practically annihilated distance, and the latter has put a girdle round the earth in a sense much less fanciful than was ever contemplated by Shakespeare when he limned Robin Goodfellow for the admiration of succeeding ages. Furnaces, again, are a great comfort in our dwellings. So are baking powders, telephones and artificial ventilators. Then there is gas. Who that has once luxuriated in the enjoyment of that commodity in his home would consent to return to candles and coal oil lamps?

* * *

These roses, however, are not without their accompanying thorns. Railways have destroyed much of the picturesqueness of rural scenery, and have caused inns of the Maypole variety to disappear from off the face of the earth. They draw forth bitter execrations from laundresses who dwell "near the line," and they greatly swell the percentage of serious casualties from runaway horses. The lop-sided poles erected by the telegraph and telephone companies have made very unsightly objects of some of our once pleasant thoroughfares. Furnaces create gaping crevices in the delicately-carved woodwork of our houses, and cause our choice furniture to shrivel up like an overdone roast of beef. Worse still, they tend to vitiate the atmosphere of our dwellings, and render delicate people much more susceptible to cold than they used to be in auld lang syne. And so on to the end of the chapter. The use of gas tends to foster optical maladies, and leads to frequent cases of death from asphyxiation. Deadly malaria lurks unseen in the drain-pipe; indigestion and dyspepsia in the baking-powder. Wall-paper is often a receptacle for various species of disease-germs, and wire-woven mattresses become breeding-grounds for the pestilence that walketh—and creepeth—in darkness.

* * *

Well, it may be asked, whither do these exceedingly discursive and desultory remarks tend? List, O list, and you shall hear.

* * *

A few evenings since I had a conversation with a lady of mature age and long and varied experience in housekeeping, and who is much given to pondering on domestic problems. I was informed by her that during the last three or four years she and other housekeepers in Toronto have been sorely put to it to find an effective remedy for—what think you?—MOTHS. These "bright-winged creatures of the sanctum" have always been a force with which it was necessary for good housewives to contend from time to time; but it appears that they have of late become an infliction well-nigh as grievous to be borne as of old were the plagues of Egypt. Camphor, oil of cedar and other commodities prescribed by the apothecary have been copiously exhibited against them in vain. One lady, I am informed, has had nearly an entire wardrobe destroyed by these little pests for two seasons in succession. My informant herself has had an experience almost as disastrous, and professes her utter inability to cope with the formidable enemy. But, after giving long consideration to the matter, she believes that she has at least discovered the cause of the infliction.

* * *

She unhesitatingly declares her conviction that that cause is the introduction into our streets of electric light. The idea had never occured to me before, but, upon reflection, I thought it probable that there might be something in it. Since the conversation above alluded to, I have mentioned the subject to other ladies of my acquaintance, and I find that my informant is not alone in her supposed discovery. Others have arrived at the same conclusion by a precisely similar line of thinking. Nobody perambulating our principal streets of an evening can have failed to notice the innumerable swarms of these insects which, attracted by the glare of the electric lights, buzz around in myriad profusion. It is claimed that the combination of brightness and warmth disseminated by electricity gives rise to miraculous fecundity, and that unless some remedy is found the introduction of this mode of street lighting must ere long lead to an insufferable nuisance. As to how far the claim is well founded, I am, at the time of this present writing, unable to offer an opinion, but it is my intention to apply for information on the subject to the best authorities within my reach, and I shall probably lay the result of my inquiries before the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT. I may just add, by way of conclusion, that I have already discussed the theory with one well-known entomologist in this city, who believes that it is worthy of careful investigation.

* * *

Who shall decide when learned entomologists disagree! Since writing the foregoing paragraphs I have had a conference with another of that fraternity. He not only scouts the idea that moths are propagated or increased by the introduction of the electric-lighting system, but expresses a belief that those lepidoptera are likely to be utterly routed and exterminated thereby. He didn't quote Shelley's lines about the desire of the moth for the star, but he looked as if he was quite capable of doing so upon moderate encouragement. I got from him one piece of practical information, however, which I doubt not will be acceptable to many readers of these columns. He declares that cyanide of potash is an infallible specific for the moth invasion. This drug is a powerful poison, and a certain amount of care is necessary in using it, but no harm can result if the following directions are observed. First and foremost, catch your hare: that is to say, buy an ounce of cyanide of potash. Then put it in a saucer, and place the saucer on the floor of your wardrobe, which should be kept fast closed. In three or four days the work of destruction will be complete, and you will never find another living moth in your wardrobe unless it is imported from outside. The adjoining room should be kept fairly ventilated while the poison is doing its deadly work, and the cyanide should then be destroyed for fear of accidents. This process, my friend declares to be the whole art and mystery of destroying moths, and he pledges his reputation for its entire success. Anxious heads of families can govern themselves accordingly. I am myself testing the experiment as these lines go to press.

Metathesis—the transposition of letters in a word—is a source of many clerical mishaps. A writer in a late number of the *Spectator* adduced some curious examples of this pernicious habit. He cites the case of a clergyman who, wishing to say that "we all knew what it was to have a half-formed wish in our hearts," astonished his hearers by announcing "that we all know what it was to have a half-warmed fish in our hearts;" and of another who, having started out to say that "we should not bow the knee to an idol," arrived at the conclusion "that we should not bow the eye to a needle."

Wife (club night)—Will you be home early, John? Husband—Ye'es, I think so; but don't keep breakfast waiting for me.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week saw the famous comedian and vocalist, J. K. Emmet, in his reconstructed play of Fritz, our Cousin German. The somewhat scanty attendance at these performances can only be accounted for by the lateness of the season, and the inconsiderate somersaulting of the thermometer into the eighties. Those who did go, however, enjoyed a rare treat.

*

You have only to look at Emmet, and recognize the remarkable individuality of the man. And although the once powerful voice has lost its old time resonance, yet there is wonderful sweetness still, as was noticeable in his famous Lullaby song. A finished actor too, and yet I can imagine many who have formed their ideas of the Dutchman from the exaggerators who too often have a place on the stage of to-day—being slightly disappointed with his portrayal of the character. But although sympathetic in his rendering, this player never exaggerates the character. Strong in the more dramatic scenes, gentle as a woman in his bearing towards all, no more conclusive evidence of the range of his powers is needed than the contrast between his denouncing the slayer of Jura, his dog, and the hearty whole-souled manner in which he romped with the delighted youngsters on the stage of the Grand last week. Nor does he lose in interest when one learns the story of his past. Of the fortunes he has won and lost and, fortunately, won again; of his terrible experiences whilst under restraint, how he finally redeemed himself from the thrall which lay heavily upon him and flung off the shackles that had bound him so long, until now, after living a life which would have killed most men, he passes a pleasant existence between the stage and life in one of the handsomest residences on the banks of the Hudson River on the western side of Albany.

*

The play itself is interesting enough. The first scene is laid in Holland. Fritz, himself, is the son of well-born parents. His mother, unable to bear the abuse of her husband further, flies with her first born Fritz, leaving her younger son behind on account of his likeness to his father. She dies, and Fritz becomes a gypsy by adoption. Years pass on, and the two brothers, innocent of their relationship, live under the same roof; the younger, Henry, as an artist, and Fritz by basket making. Henry loves and is loved by Katarina, an orphan gypsy girl, who has been left by her dead father to the care and protection of Fritz, who is faithful to the trust reposed in his keeping. Katarina and Henry become engaged, and just at this period a lawyer from New York calls upon Henry and informs him that by the will of a relative he is the heir to a large fortune—his eldest brother being supposed to have perished at sea. The result of this is that all three, Fritz, Katarina and Henry sail for America to be introduced to Henry's fine folk. The sudden accession of wealth is Henry's ruin. He treats his fiancee—the gypsy Katarina—with neglect; turns his back contemptuously on his old friend and helper Fritz, and proves himself a cad of the first water. Ever since the lawyer visited them in Holland Fritz has been aware that Henry is his brother, but has refrained from a disclosure of the fact, nobly preferring that Henry should enjoy the fortune which was his by right. After a time Henry learns the true state of affairs and the nature of the man shows itself in a base attempt to do away with the man who had befriended him in the past. Henry's measures become so apparent, Katarina flies from him in disgust before the marriage comes off, meets Fritz and confesses her love for him. Despite the desperate attempts on the part of Henry and an accomplice the young lovers are united, after seeing the two former in jail for their misdeeds. In the course of time there is a jail delivery, and Henry and his accomplice are once more free. Revenge is the meat they are after. They trace Fritz to his secluded home where Henry has his throat slashed by his accomplice. The latter sees Fritz. Fritz also sees him and goes him one better. Collapse of vice, domestic virtue regnant, lights up, ring down the curtain and good night.

*

The Toronto Opera House closed the season this week with Topack & Steele's combination. The performance of this company is of the side-show variety. Balancing feats, sleight-of-hand tricks, boisterous buffoonery, Adam and Eve jokes, local gags, etc., etc., fill the bill. If the manager would work in the new variation of "Never, never no more" the show would be complete.

*

The management of the Toronto Opera House has generously placed the latter at the disposal of the Fahey Fund Committee, who will put Friendship's Favors, with a strong cast, on the boards. Those who have not been able to subscribe to the fund for the benefit of the seven orphaned children of the late journalist will have a favorable opportunity next Monday evening.

STAGE GOSSIP.

No actress has had her diamonds stolen for more than a month! But then the season is well-nigh over and summer advertising is running low.

The jolliest sort of style to spend the summer is that of Edward Sothern and Rowland Buckstone. They hire a cottage with five rooms at the Atlantic Highlands for the extravagant sum of $40 a month. An excellent local cook supplies them with all the requisite gastronomic delicacies at a charge of $5 a week apiece. They are as free from observation as if they occupied a lodge in some vast wilderness, and they wear flannel shirts, smoke pipes, boat, bathe and let their beards grow in the most negligent manner imaginable.

A nice-looking young man and his best girl attracted a great deal of attention as they came into the Grand Opera one night. She was elegantly dressed and moved like a queen. He seemed to adore the ground she trod. Everybody said:

"What a happy couple!"

Then those who sat near her in the dress circle heard her voice at intervals something like this:

"Don't crowd."

"Can you let me lean on the arm?"

"Why don't you let me have the opera-glass a little?"

"Well, you needn't keep both programs."

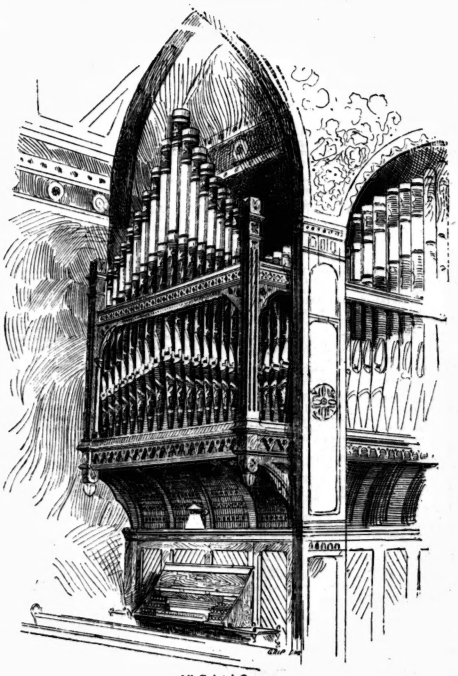
"I wish you would not always bring me late to the theater."

"Why don't you talk to me about something?"

"Can't you smile a little now and then? Everybody will think you are unhappy."

An actor, who is most apt in voicing the sentiments of his brethren, was leaning against one of the pillars at the Fifth Avenue Hotel entrance when a reporter passed the other day. "I was just thinking," said the actor, "of the saying about the dirty bird dirtying its own nest, in connection with the playwrights who hold up the actor to ridicule. I remember, not many years ago, seeing a farce in which stranded actors were represented walking the ties and stealing sandwiches at a railroad station. The public already has none too good an opinion of the actor. If we do not try to elevate him in public esteem, we should at least give him his due, and not try and pull him down."

A practical joke was played by Edward Sothern and J. W. Pigott not long ago on a grumpy hotel guest who happened to occupy a room adjoining theirs. The old fellow had been complaining of the noise the two actors made when they came home from the theater, and so it was determined that he should be given a treat. One night, a little past twelve o'clock, the pros. sat down at the table in their room. On it they had placed a large number of plates and glasses. First they made sure their crusty neighbor was in his apartment, and then they proceeded to produce in most realistic style the noise and jollification of a big dinner-party. First Sothern would get up and make a speech, at the same time stamping his feet and clapping his hands to personate several other people, while Pigott would rattle the dishes, jingle the glasses and shout "Hear! Hear!" Occasionally, to heighten the illusion, Sothern would go to the door and apparently bid one of the party good-night, tramp noisily down the stairs, and re-enter the room softly, while Pigott, his hands, feet and voice all engaged would shout adieus from the interior of the room and inquire of a score of imaginary persons what wines they liked best. In this way fully two hundred imaginary guests departed from the little room, while the old man next door, thoroughly tired out and disgusted at his vain attempts to go to sleep, paced the floor in despair. Finally, when the actors began to get tired, and the sun was saying "good-night," a halt came. The last guest was seen off, and the young men retired. In the morning the old man gave up his room and left the hotel in high dudgeon. Thereafter Sothern and Pigott came in as late and made as much noise as they liked.



All Saints' Organ.

All Saints' Organ.

The handsome organ which appears in this number of SATURDAY NIGHT is designed for the south side of the chancel in All Saints' Church, Toronto. The front will project into the chancel on a bracketed screen, whilst the nave arch which overlooks the southern transept will be filled with decorated pipes. The whole will present, when finished, a bold and striking appearance, and at the same time be quite in keeping with the surroundings. Alderman Morrison, the treasurer of the organ fund, reports subscriptions as coming in freely, and as the contract price with the builders, F. R. Warren & Sons, is $5,000, this is a most encouraging feature. SATURDAY NIGHT and the citizens of Toronto congratulate the good folks at All Saints on having secured an instrument which is worthy of their church, congregation and, above all, the cause which they evidently have so sincerely at heart.

Art and Artists.

HOMER WATSON, R.C.A.

The picturesque village of Doon, on the Grand river, in the county of Waterloo, was the birthplace of the subject of our sketch. Mr. Watson may be said to stand at the head of our Canadian landscape painters. Much of his inspiration and many of his subjects he has taken from his native place and the surrounding country, so that the majority of his compositions are essentially Canadian. His first picture of note, The Pioneer Mill, was purchased by the Marquis of Lorne in 1880. Since then each year has produced a number of excellent works from Mr. Watson's brush. Some of the best were The Side Line, Flitting Shadows, Down in the Laurentides, A Frosty Morning at the Edge of a Clearing and Where the Upland Dips to the Shore, his Academy picture of this year. The *Magazine of Art*, in its criticism of the Canadian art at the Colonial Exhibition, says: "Mr. Watson has evidently not learnt his art as a monkey acquires tricks, and I think it is possible to make sure, from an examination of his exhibits, that the masterly manner which he has attained in A Frosty Morning at the Edge of a Clearing, has been superimposed upon his original way of seeing nature by a process of natural development. The Frosty Morning is painted with considerable knowledge of the right use of a foreground as a mere vestibule of introduction of a large aerial landscape. He has acquired a touch in impasto and a scheme of low-toned, silvery green, all excellently suited to the treatment of lumpy, sturdy trees and the general appearance of the country." His standards of excellence in landscape painting are Constable, Turner, Corot, Dupre and others of that school. Mr. Watson is in England at present studying his art, and when he has digested thoroughly more of the influence by which he is surrounded, with his strong individuality, we may expect him to paint something of which Canadian art lovers may be proud.

Before arithmetic was invented people multiplied on the face of the earth.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER X.

THE DIE IS CAST.

Alonzo's first movement upon reaching his palace was to call Bernardo to his private closet, and inform him of his contemplated marriage, with strict injunctions to secrecy. His next was to send Beppo out to the harbor to see if any vessel was ready to sail; and, if so, whither she was bound. After the valet had gone, he explained more fully to Bernardo his plans. The old man was greatly surprised, but he offered no objections. He knew it was too late for that. And then he had been assured that he should accompany his young master and mistress to their new home. This promise gave him much satisfaction, and reconciled him in a great measure to the plan proposed; and when he had received full instructions he set about preparing for the event.

When left alone the prince proceeded to gather up his family jewels, among which were many precious stones of great value—those only which were unset having been confided to the keeping of the Jew,—and also to collect his gold into a convenient shape for transportation. This he had just accomplished when Beppo returned.

"Well, Beppo,—what success!"

"There are two vessels, my lord, which will sail in the morning. One of them is bound to Trieste, and the other to Ancona."

"Did you see the commander of the vessel for Ancona?"

"I did, and he can serve you well; and, for a slight compensation, he would set sail a few hours earlier, or a few hours later, as you might wish."

"Good! That is my route. From Ancona we can cross the Apennines into Tuscany, and the gates of Florence are before us. Go, Beppo, and make arrangements with this captain. Bid him wait for his passengers, but to hold himself in readiness to sail at any moment after midnight. He may name his own price."

Beppo went upon his mission, and when he next returned he announced that the arrangements had been satisfactorily made. The vessel would be ready at midnight, with sails loosened and anchor apeak, to start off at a very few minutes' notice.

The shades of evening had fallen when a servant entered the library bearing a note to the prince, with information that a messenger had left it, and gone immediately away. De Verona opened it and read as follows

"My Dear Alonzo,—I am in great trouble. Will you come to me at once? Bring a hundred ducats in gold. Fail not if you love me. Come by the square. Gonsalvo."

The prince looked at the clock, and saw that it was not yet nine. He had three hours, at least. Could he neglect the call of his friend? The thought was not entertained for a moment and when Beppo shook his head, his reply was stern and imperative. With a purse containing fifty sequins—more than double the amount asked for—in his pocket, and wrapped in a traveling cloak and mask, and sought his gondola. Arrived at the landing he bade the gondolier to remain there until his return, and then sprang ashore, and entered St. Peter's Square. He reached the door of the count's dwelling without interruption, and if the dark figures which he observed standing beneath a low arch were spies upon his movements, he gave them no serious thought. His summons was answered by Gonsalvo himself, who led the way to the apartment where the visitor had once before been received.

"My dear Count, what has happened? What is the trouble? You are pale."

"Aye, Alonzo," replied Gonsalvo, in husky, choking tones—"the evil genius is upon my track. I am in the Lion's Mouth!"

"In the Lion's Mouth!" repeated the prince, with a start. "Are you sure?"

"Can you be secret?"

"As the grave!"

"Then," said the count, in a whisper, "know that the Doge himself hath sent to me secret information. He is my friend, and would save me. My name hath been dropped into that terrible maw, and the familiars will be soon upon me if I do not flee. Money must be had. I cannot at present realize the small sum I need, and I must away at once. Of all my friends I could think only of you."

"Hush! No more of that," cried Alonzo. "Here is a purse of fifty golden sequins. Will that suffice you?"

"Good Alonzo, it is far more than I need. But at some time I hope to repay you, though I cannot promise."

"But I can promise that I will never receive it back from you. But this accusation; what is it? What the result if you are arrested?"

"Death! Death, instant and terrible!"

"But how? What have you done?"

The count cast a hurried look around, quivering the while like an aspen.

"Alonzo," he replied, gaspingly, "this is the secret I have held for two long and weary years, and yet they have been years of joy and bliss, but joy in darkness, and bliss in pain. Lucretia comes; I hear her step. And she brings our child. O, Alonzo, for myself I care not; but to see my sweet Lucretia and my darling little one— O! God help me in this hour of trial!"

"But, my Adrian," pleaded the prince, himself affected to fear and trembling, "what is your crime!"

"I have married with Lucretia!" answered Gonsalvo, in a shuddering whisper.

Alonzo started and gasped for breath.

"And Lucretia!"

"Is a Greek by birth, and, by estate a slave!"

"And you—"

"I am a patrician of the Golden Record."

"And such a marriage is a crime punishable with death!" ventured Alonzo.

"Aye, without appeal or recourse. Death to me, and death to my wife and child. Once within the grasp of the Secret Three, and my fate is sealed beyond the power of earthly redemption! Ha! here comes Lucretia. Fear not, my beloved. This is our friend."

The woman was enveloped in a long, dark cloak, beneath the folds of which her babe was sheltered. She removed her mask when she beheld the prince, but at a sign from her husband quickly replaced it.

"Good, kind friend," cried the count, grasping Alonzo by the hand, "we must hurry away. You will pray for us when we are gone; and we, in turn, will pray that you may never know the agonies which have been ours. Do not attempt to follow us beyond the hall. We shall leave the house by a secret way, known only to ourselves—a way which I have opened with my own hands, and which none may can follow. Farewell, and may God bless you!"

He caught Alonzo's hand, and pressed it to his lips, and then hurried out into the hall, bearing a lantern in which a lamp was burning. Lucretia followed, murmuring a blessing as she passed. She would have offered her hand, but the care of her child prevented.

Alonzo saw the count descend to the basement—saw the wife follow—watched until the last glimmer of the lantern had disappeared, and then knew that he was alone in the house—alone in darkness and gloom. A cold shudder crept through his frame, and a burden of terror rested upon his spirit. Grim phantoms seemed to glare upon him from the dark corners, and the sound of clanking chains was borne upon the stifling air. He felt his way to the door, and drew back the bolts and stepped forth into the open porch. A quick glance up and down the square, and then, drawing his cloak about him, he strode on towards the landing. A dark-robed figure stood by the shrine of St. Peter in the arched passage to the square, and the prince knew that he was closely scrutinized; but no impediment was offered to his progress. He found his gondola in waiting, and was quickly on his way homeward.

The bell of St. Mark had tolled the hour of midnight, and the prince was waiting anxiously in the hall, when Beppo came in from the vestibule, and announced that the party had arrived. They had pulled on to some distance beyond the palace, and they had approached thence by way of the lower lane; and instead of entering by the vestibule, they came by the little porch opening upon the land passage.

Ben-hadad wore a cloak and mask, as did Zenella; and beside these was another, whom, by his garb, our hero recognized to be a priest. The prince had taken the maiden's hand, and was speaking to her words of cheer, when the Jew interrupted:

"Alonzo, pardon my abruptness, for our business admits of no delay. Have you made arrangements for leaving Venice?"

"I have," replied the prince. "A vessel is at this very moment in waiting in the harbor, ready to sail on the instant of my arrival."

"It is well, my son. The foul fiend is abroad and there may be danger at every turn. The Count Gonsalvo was your friend?"

"Yes."

"Did he not hold in his bosom a treasonable secret?"

"He held the secret of a deed which the laws of Venice account as treason."

"He is a doomed man!"

"How? What know you, Ben-hadad?"

"As we passed the count's dwelling, just as the great clock struck twelve, we saw a gondola pull up at his landing, and dark-robed men ascended to his door. By the light of the torch which they carried, I saw the insignia of the State Inquisition."

"Alas! poor Lucretia!" ejaculated Zenella. "She was as good and as pure as she was beautiful, and she was my friend. O! they cannot do her mortal harm?"

"No, sweet one," replied Alonzo, drawing the trembling maiden to his side. "Fear not for Lucretia. Her and the count, together with their child, are beyond the reach of the Inquisition ere this."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Jew. "How know you?"

"I saw them depart, full three hours ago, by a secret way."

"You saw them?"

"Yes. Gonsalvo sent for me, and I carried him money."

"O, I bless you, Alonzo!" murmured Zenella, looking up through gathering tears of gratitude.

If the Jew had thought of expressing other feelings than those manifested by the maiden, he kept them back, and shortly afterwards introduced Father Enrico, the priest.

"And now," he said, "let us not delay. Moments are precious."

Alonzo led the way to a richly furnished saloon, where the priest threw aside his cloak and appeared in his sacerdotal garb. The prince took Zenella's garb, and asked her if she was ready. She looked up into his face, and tried to smile as she answered in the affirmative.

There was nothing more to wait for, and Ben-hadad having relinquished his paternal care of the maiden, and given her over to the prince, the priest performed the solemn rite, and pronounced the pair husband and wife. He blessed them as they knelt before him, and, with his hands raised above their heads, uttered a short and fervent prayer in their behalf.

"And thus," said Ben-hadad, with grave and serious tones, "this work of death is accomplished. Alonzo, you have gained a wife, and if you can now leave Venice behind you, she will prove to you a blessing."

Then he turned to the trembling bride, and she left her husband's side and gave him both her hands.

"Zenella, God grant that good may come of this. In my own way I shall pray for you. Your God is my God, and in Him let us all confide. I can do nothing more here, and it is best for all concerned that I should return to my home as speedily as possible."

The old man had learned to love the gentle girl, and he dared not trust himself to say more. He saw her folded again in her husband's arms, and then he left the apartment, followed by the priest. When he was gone, Zenella started up and looked around.

"How now, my love? You are not ill?" Alonzo exclaimed.

"No, no, Alonzo; not ill; but there is something in the atmosphere of this place—in the atmosphere of Venice—that frightens me. O! let us make haste to leave. The same dark shadows that flitted before the dwelling of Gonsalvo, boding ill to the fair Lucretia, seem to be casting their chilling influence upon me. Let us go, my husband."

She looked up into his face as that name fell from her lips, and for the moment a holy joy beamed upon her beautiful features.

"My husband!" she repeated. "O, what a heavenly word to speak!"

"And you shall speak it henceforth without fear," said the prince, impulsively. He held her again within his arms, and pressed a kiss upon her lips, and then called upon the maid who was in attendance.

This maid was a Jewess, named Hester; a dark-eyed, winsome girl, whom Ben-hadad had engaged to be his ward's attendant. She took her mistress by the hand which the prince had relinquished, and led her away to the apartment where the traveling garbs had been left. Beppo was sent to see if the coast was clear, while Bernardo gathered up the articles that were to be taken away.

Of the servants, it had been arranged that only Beppo should accompany the prince, Bernardo to remain behind to care for the household until such time as the State should claim the property, after which he was to rejoin his master in Florence.

The valet soon returned and announced that the way seemed clear. He had made careful inspection, and could discover no impediment to their departure.

The gold, in small leathern bags, was conveyed to the gondola; and when the prince had donned his cloak and mask, he took the hand of the old steward.

"You shall rejoin me very soon, my good Bernardo; and in the meantime, I know I may confide in your discretion. Of course you will be questioned; but of my whereabouts you will know nothing. Have you any questions to ask?"

"I have none, my master."

"Have you anything you would like to say to me?"

"Only, my dear boy—pardon me, but you were a boy to me once—make all the haste you can in getting away from Venice. I will look to matters here; and in the time to come I will find you if I live."

The prince pressed the hand of the old servitor warmly, and then turned to where Zenella stood in waiting, and, with whispered words of hope, led her out into the vestibule—out upon the marble landing—out into the gondola—where he seated himself by her side; and in a few moments more, the sharp prow was cleaving the waters of the canal.

There was no stop, no hailing, and Alonzo's heart grew lighter as his barge emerged into the harbor.

The boat guided them to the vessel, which proved to be a goodly sized polacca, and the captain of which was at the gangway ready to receive them.

"Captain," said the prince, as soon as his luggage had been handed on board, "you will sail at once?"

"Immediately, signor," replied the commander, who was a middle-aged man, small of stature and of a rough exterior. "Your servant has seen the cabin and will conduct you thither."

And without further remark he turned abruptly away.

"The man seems frightened," said Alonzo to his valet. "Did you mark how he trembled?"

"He probably mistrusts your rank and necessity, my lord," replied Beppo. "You must remember that he runs a risk in taking such passengers from Venice."

"I understand," responded the prince. "See, the sails are already spread, and the anchor has lost its hold. But come, lead the way to the cabin."

The accommodations were found to be very fair, and Zenella and her maid at once retired to the little curtained state-room which had been set apart for their use, after which Alonzo returned to the deck to ascertain how long they were likely to be on the passage. He found the captain, who, in answer to his question, informed him that if the wind held fair they might expect to reach their destination in twenty hours. And having thus briefly answered, the master of the vessel walked away, as though to avoid further conversation.

When the prince returned to the cabin he found that his valet had already laid himself upon one of the leathern couches, which served as seats or as beds, as might be desired, and without remark, he followed the example. He was worn with watching and with excitement, and feeling now that all was safe, he soon fell asleep.

He slept and he dreamed; and at length he was awakened by a touch upon the shoulder. He started up, and found the morning light streaming down the open hatchway, and his valet standing over him.

"Beppo! What is it? You tremble! You are pale!"

"In Heaven's name, my lord, arouse thee! Something is wrong."

"Wrong, Beppo!" cried the prince, leaping to his feet.

"Hush! Disturb not the women yet. Go on deck and see."

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

Alonzo hastened upon deck, but could not at first discover anything out of the way, save that the wind seemed to have changed during the night. The sea was calm, and the polacca was plowing through it at a grand rate. He saw the captain forward, in conversation with some of his men.

"What is it, Beppo?"

"Do you not see?"

"Not yet. Perhaps I am not wholly awake."

"Why!" cried the valet, rubbing his eyes, "can it be that I am dreaming? Can you see the land, my lord?"

"Yes. I should say that was the land—that cloud-like bank off there."

"And what land can it be?"

"Why, the Italian coast, to be sure. Beppo, you are certainly dreaming."

"And where is the sun?"

"Do you not see it, rising as clear and promising as can be!"

"The sun upon our right hand, and the coast upon our left."

"The sun upon our right! Good heavens! The coast upon our left! In Go's name, Beppo, what can it mean? Perhaps it is the necessity of the wind."

"No, my lord. The wind blows off the land, and is upon our beam."

"Then we are sailing towards Venice!"

"It must be so."

The prince stood for a moment like one upon whom a thunderbolt had burst; but the dread emergency quickly recalled him to his senses.

"Beppo, do you go and send the captain hither, while I go down and get our swords. By the mass! if the man hath turned traitor, I will myself take command of his vessel!"

Thus speaking, the prince descended to the cabin and looked for his sword, but he could not find it. Even his dagger was gone from the place where he had left it. He returned to the deck, and met the captain.

"How now, sir! What is this you are doing!"

The sailor was certainly not a villain. He was pale with affright, and his knees shook beneath him.

"My lord," he stammered, "I am not to blame."

"Not to blame for what? Speak out! Whither are we going!"

"To Venice."

"To Venice! And wherefore? In Heaven's name, is this treason, or is it madness?"

"I am neither a traitor nor a madman, my lord."

"Then why do you tremble and cower when you speak to me? By Saint Paul! there is treachery afoot. Where are my weapons. Why dost thou stand there aghast! Say didst thou not set sail for Ancona?"

"Yes—but——"

"Out with it, man! or, by the host, I'll spit thee upon one of thine own spikes. Why hast thou turned back towards Venice?"

"My lord," gasped the captain, utterly terror-stricken, "I am not to blame. Listen to me, and I will convince you."

"Speak, then, and be sure that you speak the truth."

"Your servant came and engaged passage for Ancona, and I was to hold myself in readiness to sail at your order. I gave that promise yesterday afternoon. Last night, after I had heard the stroke of twelve from Saint Mark's four men came on board my vessel and took charge. They placed me under the ban of secrecy under pain of my life; and from that moment I have been but a servant of the State."

"Of the State!" repeated the prince, with a start.

"Yes, my lord. They came with authority from the State Inquisition."

"And those men—where are they!"

"Here comes one of them now. I think he is the chief."

The prince looked, and beheld the spy, Dagolfo, advancing from the gangway. He wore the dark robes of his office, and there was a grim smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

"Signor de Verona," he said, bowing politely, "I give thee a good and cheerful morning."

For the moment Alonzo was utterly astounded, and it was beyond his power to comprehend the full measure of the evil that had befallen him.

"Dagolfo," he said, when he could command his speech, "I must look to you for an explanation of this matter."

"I will explain what I can, Signor," replied the spy.

The question stuck in the prince's throat, but he managed to get it out after a time.

"In one word, then; am I your prisoner?"

"In one other word—Yes!"

Alonzo gasped for breath. There was another question more momentous still, and his heart quaked as he asked it:

"Does your warrant include others beside myself?"

"One other, Signor."

"And that——"

"Is—your wife, sir!"

The stricken man leaned against the rail, and covered his face with his hands; but presently he started up and turned a flashing glance upon the spy.

"Easy, my lord," said Dagolfo, as he caught the young noble's menacing look. "Once you met me in Venice when I was not officially employed, and for my own purposes I left you free. On that night, at the entrance of Saint Peter's Square, I could have called strong men to my aid had I wished. Again, you met two of my familiars beneath the arch of the Rialto; and though I was near at hand with an irresistible force, yet I let you off, because it was my pleasure. Think not, from this, that I am to be trifled with."

"Villain!" cried the prince, with fierce indignation, "you have betrayed me!"

"I betray you, Signor! You mistake. I am but an instrument of the Secret Three. The order for your arrest originated not with me."

"O, thou false-hearted, perjured wretch! thou hast lured me on to this!—thou hast dogged my steps since I first set foot in Venice."

The spy laughed a bitter, wicked laugh.

"You are beside yourself, my lord. If you have been lured to evil it hath been by the bright eyes of the Pearl of the Ghetto, and not by me. Soberly, Alonzo de Verona, answer me this: Did it require prompting from me to lead you to make the Jew's fair ward your wife?"

The prince did not answer.

"Say rather," continued the spy, "that no persuasion of mine, had I offered it, could have turned you from your purpose of love. Did not your friends warn you? Did not those, in whose good faith you could have with confidence confided, beg of you to give over your mad endeavor? Once more: I am but an instrument in the hands of a power I dare not disobey. You are my prisoner—you and your wife!"

"O, fiend! why are you thus my enemy? Why have you watched me and trifled with me, and kept your hounds upon my track?"

"Plainly, my lord!" replied the spy, with another of those wicked smiles, "because the duties of my office have become to me a second nature. It is as natural for me to hang upon the steps of your enemies as it for you to follow the luring star of beauty and love."

"Treason, Dagolfo!"

"I said treason, signor."

"Now, by Heaven!"

"Tut! tut! my lord; you forget yourself. Yonder, in the gangway, stand my familiars. They are used to curbing turbulent spirits. Will you put me to the necessity?"

The prince looked around upon the sailors.

"Ah," continued the spy, comprehending the meaning of the look, "you will turn in vain for aid to these men. They will not run into the lion's mouth if they can help it, be assured."

Alonzo sank back weak and sick at heart.

(To be Continued.)

No Frills for Him.

A tall old man, with a rather vacant look and a hesitating air, ventured slowly into the dining-hall of a large up-town hotel the other evening in New York. It was the usual dinner hour, and the long room was filled with guests. The old man paused, scrutinized his cuff and his waistcoat, and after making what seemed to be a helpless effort to see the back of his neck, he beckoned to the head waiter. That functionary hastened up, and the old man said, anxiously:

"Waiter, do I look right—tidy, you know?"

The waiter inspected the venerable guest critically for a moment, and then assured him that all was in order.

"Necktie all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Collar button show?"

"Not at all, sir."

"No spots on my coat?"

"Not a spot."

"The general effect is pretty slick, is it?"

"Very, sir."

"Well, you see, waiter," said the old man, confidentially, "I came down to breakfast one day last week without any collar, and my son James was very angry. So yesterday, when I came into hunch with my necktie under my left ear, he said if anything like that happened again he would have my meals served upstairs. Do you know my son James, waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he here at dinner now?"

"No, sir; he finished about ten minutes ago."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, then, waiter," said the old man, in relieved tones, "if you're certain of it, you tell the man at our table to hustle in some corned beef and cabbage, and not to play any of his French business on me or I'll break his neck."

Angels that Fly.

Married men, beware! If you want to carry on a mild flirtation without your wife knowing it, be cautious that no one overhears you.

M'Winkley's little daughter, of some twelve summers, looked wistfully into her mamma's face yesterday, and said:

"Mamma, what are angels?"

"Angels, my child," replied Mrs. M'Winkley, the sublimity of the subject carrying her, as it were, into the ethereal blue. "Angels are beautiful white-robed spirits that fly. Why do you ask, my little pet?"

"Because," began the child, innocently, "when the servant was helping papa on with his coat to-day he called her an angel."

"An angel!" gasped Mrs. M'Winkley. "Ha! she'll fly to-morrow!" And she did.

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VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Mooning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

DO YOU KNOW THAT SHE IS DYING?

It had come at last—the letter from Geneva, for which they all had waited with such anxious hearts and so much of dread. The postman, bringing it by the morning's delivery, and handing it through the opened door to Aimee, had wondered a little at her excited manner—she was always excited when these letters came; and the moment she had entered the parlor, holding the hurriedly-read note—it was scarcely more than a note—there was not one of them who did not understand all before she spoke.

Mrs. Phil burst into tears, Phil himself laid down his brush and changed color; Mollie silently clung to Tod as a refuge, and looked up with trembling lips.

Mrs. Phil was the first to speak.

"You may as well tell us the worst," she said; "but it is easy enough to guess what it is without being told."

"It is almost the very worst," answered Aimee. "Miss MacDowlas wants me to go to them at once. She is so ill that if a change does not take place she will not live many weeks, and she has asked for me."

They all knew only too well that "she" meant Dolly.

"Then," said Phil, "you must go at once."

"I can go to-day," she answered. "I knew it would come to this, and I am ready to leave London at any moment."

There was no delay. Her small box was even then ready packed and corded for the journey. She had taken Miss MacDowlas' warning in time. It would not have been like this heavy-hearted wise one to disregard it. She would have been ready to go to Dolly at ten minutes' notice, if she had been in India. She was not afraid, either, of making the journey alone. It was not a very terrible journey, she said. Secretly, she had a fancy that perhaps Dolly would like to see her by herself first, to have a few quiet days alone with her, in which she could become used to the idea of the farewell the rest would come to say. And in her mind the poor little oracle had another fancy, too, and this fancy she confided to Mollie before bidding her good-bye.

"Mollie," she said, "I am going to leave a charge in your hands."

"Is it anything about Dolly?" asked Mollie, making fruitless efforts to check her affection-ate tears. "I wish you would leave me something to do for Dolly, Aimee."

"It is something connected with Dolly," returned Aimee. "I want you to keep constantly on the watch for Griffith."

"For Griffith!" Mollie exclaimed. "How can I when I don't know whether he is in England or not?"

"He is in England," Aimee replied. "He is in London, for Mr. Gowan has seen him."

"In London—and Dolly in Switzerland, perhaps dying!"

"He does not know that or he would have been with her before now," said Aimee. "Once he him know that she is ill, and he will be with her. I know him well enough to be sure of that. And it is my impression that if he went to her at the eleventh hour, when she might seem to us to be at the very last, he would bring her back to life. It is Grif she is dying for, and only Grif can save her."

"And what do you want me to do?" anxiously.

"To watch for him constantly, as I said. Don't you think, Mollie, that he might come back, if it were only into the street to look at the house, in a restless sort of remembrance of the time when they used to be so happy?"

"It would not be unlike him," answered Mollie, slowly. "He was very fond of Dolly. Oh, he was very fond of her!"

"Fond of her! He loved her better than his life, and does still, wherever he may be. Something tells me he will come, and that is why I want you to watch. Watch at the window as constantly as you can, but more particularly at dusk; and if you should see him, Mollie, don't wait a second. Run out to him, and make him listen to you. Ah, poor fellow, he will listen eagerly and penitently enough, if you only say that Dolly is dying."

"Very well," said Mollie, "I will remember."

And thus the wise one took her departure.

It was twilight in Bloomsbury Place, and Mollie crouched before the parlor window, resting her chin upon her hands, and looking out, pretty much as Aimee had looked out on that winter evening months ago, when Mr. Gerald Chandos had first presented himself to her mind as an individual to be dreaded.

Three days had passed since the wise one left London—three miserable dragging days they had seemed to Mollie, despite their summer warmth and sunshine. Real anxiety and sorrow were new experiences in Vagabondia. Little trials they had felt, and often enough small unpleasantnesses, privations and disappointments, but death and grief were new. And they were just beginning to realize broadly the blow which had fallen upon them. Hard as it was to believe at first, they were beginning slowly to comprehend the sad meaning of the lesson they were learning now for the first time. What each had felt a fear of in secret was coming to pass at last, and there was no help against it.

Phil went about his work looking as none of them had ever seen him look before. Mrs. Phil's tears fell thick and fast. Not understanding the mystery, she could blame nobody but Grif, and Grif she could not forgive. To Mollie the house seemed like a grave. She could think of nothing but Dolly—Dolly, white and worn and altered, lying upon her couch, her eyes closed, her breath fluttering faintly. She wondered if she was afraid to die. She herself had a secret, girlish terror of death and its strange solemness; and she so pitied Dolly that sometimes she could not contain her grief, and was obliged to hide herself until her tears spent themselves.

She had been crying during all this twilight hour she had knelt at the window. She was so lonely that it seemed impossible to do anything else. It would have been bad enough to bear the suspense even if Aimee had been with her, but without Aimee it was dreadful. The tears slipped down her cheeks and rolled away, and she did not even attempt to dry them, her affectionate grief had mastered her completely. But she was roused at length. Some one halted the street from the pavement opposite the house, and when this some one entered the gate and ascended the steps, she rose slowly, half-relenting, half-comforted, and with a faint thrill at her heart. It was Ralph Gowan, and she was not wise enough or self-controlled enough yet to see Ralph Gowan without feeling her pulses quicken.

When she opened the door he did not greet her as usual, but spoke to her at once in a low, hurried tone.

"Mollie, where is Aimee?" he asked.

Her tears began to flow again; she could not help giving way.

"You had better come in," she said, half-turning away from him and speaking brokenly. "Aimee is not here. She is on her way to Switzerland now. She left London this morning. Dolly—"

"Dolly is worse!" he said, because she could not finish.

She nodded, with a heart too full of words.

He stepped inside, and, closing the door, laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Then, Mollie," he said. "I must come to you."

He did not wait a moment, but led her gently enough into the parlor, and, blinded as she was by her tears, she saw that instant that he had not come without a reason.

"Don't cry," he said. "I want you to be brave and calm now—for Dolly's sake. I want your help—for Dolly's sake, remember."

She recollected Aimee's words—"Mr. Gowan has seen him"—and a sudden light flashed upon her. The tears seemed to dry of their own accord all at once, as she looked up.

"Yes," she answered.

He knew without hearing another word that he might trust her.

"Can you guess whom I have just this moment seen?" he said.

"Yes," sprang from her lips, without a second's hesitation, "you have seen Grif."

"I have seen Grif," he answered. "He is at the corner of the street now. If I had attempted to speak to him he would have managed to avoid me; and because I knew that I came here, hoping to find Aimee, but since Aimee is not here—"

"I can go," she interrupted him, all a-tremble with eagerness. "He will listen to me; he was fond of me, too, and I was fond of him. Oh! let me go now!"

That bright little scarlet shawl of Dolly's lay upon the sofa, and she snatched it up with shaking hands and threw it over her head and shoulders.

"If I can speak to him once, he will listen," she said; "and if he listens, Dolly will be saved. She won't die if Grif comes back. She can't die if Grif comes back. Oh, Dolly, my darling, you saved me, and I am going to try to save you."

She was out in the street in two minutes, standing on the pavement, looking up and down, and then she ran across to the other side. She kept close to the houses, so that she might be in their shadow, and a little sob broke from her as she hurried along, with sob of joy, near fear and excitement. At the end of the row of houses somebody was standing under the street lamp—a man. Was it Grif—or could it have gone even in this short time? Fate could never have been so cruel to him, to her, to them all, as to let him come so near and then go away without hearing that Dolly was lying at death's portals, and no one could save her but himself and the tender power of the sweetest, much tried love. Oh, no, no! It was Grif indeed, for as she neared the place where he stood she saw his face in the lamplight—a grief-worn, pallid face, changed and haggard and desperate—a sight that made her cry out aloud.

He had not seen her or even heard her. He stood there looking toward the house she had left, and seeing, as it seemed, nothing else. Only the evening darkness had hidden her from him. His eyes were fixed upon the dim light that burned in Dolly's window. She had not meant to speak to him so close to him, but when she was within a few paces of him her excitement mastered her.

"Grif," she cried out; "Grif, is it you?"

And when he turned, with a great start to look at her, she was upon him—her hands outstretched, the light upon her face, the tears streaming down her cheeks—sobbing aloud.

"Mollie," he answered, "is it you?" And she saw that he almost staggered.

She could not speak at first. She clung to his arm so tightly that he could scarcely have broken away from her if he had tried. But he did not try—it seemed as though her touch made him weak—weaker than he had ever been before in his life. Beauty as she was, they had always thought her in some way like Dolly. And, just now, with Dolly's gay little scarlet shawl slipping away from her face, with the great grief in her imploring eyes, with that innocent appealing trick of the clinging hands, she might almost have been Dolly's self.

Try as he might, he could not regain his self-control. He was sheerly powerless before her.

"Mollie," he said, "what has brought you here? Why have you come?"

"I have come," she answered, "for Dolly's sake!"

The vague fear he had felt at first caught hold upon him with all the fulness of its strength.

"For Dolly's sake!" he echoed. "Nay, Dolly has done with me, and I with her." And though he tried to speak bitterly, he failed.

She was too fond of Dolly, and too full of grief to spare him after that. Unstrung as she was her reproach burst from her without a softened touch.

"Dolly has done with earth. Dolly's life is over," she sobbed. "Do you know that she is dying? Yes, dying—our own bright Dolly, and you—you have killed her!"

She had not thought how cruel it would sound, and the next instant she was full of terror at the effect of her own words. He broke loose from her—fell loose from her, one might better describe it, for it was his own weight rather than any effort which dragged him from her grasp. He staggered and caught hold of the iron railings to save himself, and there hung, staring at her with a face like a dead man.

"My God!" he said—not another word.

"You must not give way like that," she cried out, in a new fright. "Oh, how could I speak so! Aimee would have told you better. I did not mean to be so hard. You can save her if you will. She will not die, Grif, if you go to her. She only wants you... Grif—Grif, you look as if you could not understand what I am saying." And she wrung her hands.

And indeed, it scarcely seemed as if he did understand, though at last he spoke.

"Where is she?" he said. "Not here? You say I must 'go' to her."

"No she is not here. She is at Lake Geneva. Miss MacDowlas took her there because she grew so weak, and she has grown weaker ever since, and three days ago they sent for Aimee to come to her, because—because they think she is going to die."

"And you say that I have done this?"

"I ought not to have put it that way, it sounds so cruel, but—but she has never been like herself since that night you went away, and we have all known that it was her unhappiness that made her ill. She could not get over it, and though she tried to hide it, she was worn out. She loved you so."

He turned from her.

"If she is dying for me," he said, hoarsely, "she must have loved me, and if she has loved me through all this—God help us both!"

"How could you go away and leave her all alone after all those years?" demanded Mollie.

"We cannot understand it. No one knows but Aimee, and Dolly has told her that you are not to blame. Why did you go?"

"You do not know?" he said. "You should know, Mollie, of all others. You were with her when she played that miserable coquette's trick—that pitiful trick, so unlike herself—you were with her that night when she tried to keep her away from me, when I waited for her coming hour after hour. I saw you with them when he was bidding her good-night."

She had hidden their secret well all these months, but it was to be hidden no longer now. It flashed upon her like an electric shock. She remembered a hundred things—a hundred little mysteries she had met and been puzzled by, in Aimee's manner; she remembered all she had heard, and all she had wondered at, and her heart seemed turned to stone. The flush of weeping died out of her face, her hands fell and hung down at her side, her tears were gone, nothing seemed left to her but blank horror.

"Was it because she did not come that night, that you left her to die?" she asked in a labored voice. "Was it because you saw her with Ralph Gowan—was it because you found out that she had been with him, that you went away and let her break her heart? Tell me!"

He answered her, "Yes."

"Then," she said, turning to face him, still cold, and almost rigid, "it is I who have killed her, and not you."

"You!" he exclaimed.

She did not wait to choose her words, or try to soften the story of her one humiliation.

"If she dies," she said, "she has died for me."

And without further preface she told him all. How she had let Gerald Chandos flatter and gain power over her, until the climax of her folly had been the wild, wilful escapade of that miserable long-past day. How Ralph Gowan had discovered her romatic secret, and revealed it to Dolly. How they had followed and rescued her; even how Dolly had awakened her from her dangerous dream with that light touch and had drawn her away from the brink of an abyss, with her loving, girlish hand, she ended with an outburst of actual anguish."

Why didn't she tell you?" she said. "For my sake she did not want the rest to know; but why did not she tell you? I cannot understand."

"She tried to tell me," he said, in an agony of self-reproach, as he began to see what he had done. "She tried to tell me, and I would not hear her."

All his bygone sufferings—and, Heaven knows, he had suffered bitterly and heavily enough—sank into insignificance before the misery of this hour. To know how true and pure of heart she had been; to know how faithful, unselfish, sweet; to remember how she had met him with a tender, little cry of joy, with outstretched, innocent hands, that he had thrust aside; to remember the old golden days in which she had so clung to him, and brightened his life; to think how he had left her lying upon the sofa that night, her white face drooping piteously against the cushions; to have all come back to him and know that he only was to blame; to know it all too late. Nay, a whole life of future bliss could never quite efface the memory of such a passion of remorse and pain.

"Oh, my God!" he prayed, "have mercy upon me!" And then he turned upon Mollie. "Tell me where to go to; tell me, and let me go. I must go to her now without a moment's waiting. My poor, faithful, little girl—my pretty Dolly! Dying—dying! No, I don't believe it—I won't. She cannot die yet. Fate has been cruel enough to us, but it cannot be so cruel as that. Love will make her live."

He dashed down Mollie's directions in desperate, feverish haste upon a leaf of his memorandum-book, and then he bade her good-by.

"God bless you, dear!" he said. "Perhaps you have served us both. I am going to her now. Pray for me."

"I ought rather to pray for myself," she said; "but the one prayer would never have been separated. I have done it all."

And a few minutes after he had gone, Ralph Gowan, who had awaited her return, before the window, turned to see her enter the room, like a spirit and fling herself down before him, looking white and shaken and pale.

"Do you know it all now," she cried. "I have found it all out. I have done all this, Mr. Gowan; it is through me her heart is broken, and if she dies, I shall have caused her death, as surely as if I had killed her with my own hand. Oh, save me from thinking she will die—help me to think she will live—help me!"

There was no one else to help her, and the blind terror of the thought was so great that she must have help, or die. To have so injured Dolly, whom she loved to have, by her own deed, brought that dread shadow of Death upon Dolly, who had saved her! Her heart seemed crushed. If Aimee had been there; but Aimee was not, so she stretched out her hands to the man she had so innocently loved. And, as she so knelt before him—so fair, in the childlike abandon of her grief, so guileless and trusting in her sudden, sweet appeal, so helpless against the world, even against herself, his man's heart was touched and stirred as it had never been before—as even Dolly herself had not stirred it.

"My poor child!" he said, taking her hands and drawing her nearer to himself. "My poor, pretty Mollie, come to me."

And why not, my reader? If one rose is not for us, the sun shines on many another as sweet and quite as fair; and what is more, it is more than probable that if we had seen the last rose first, we should have loved the first rose last. It is quite probable, little Dolly and Grif, we have watched our rose from its first peep of the leaf, and have grown with its growth, that there can be no other rose but one.

"Le roi est mort—Vive le roi!"

(To be Continued.)

He Was Selfish to Break His Neck.

At the steeple chase. A jockey takes a tumble.

Smith—My God! the poor devil has broken his neck.

Mrs. Smith—How dreadful! and me with $10 on him, too.

He's a Goner.

Mamma—Did he propose?

Daughter—No, but he did the next best thing to it.

Mamma—What do you mean?

Daughter—He kissed me and squeezed my waist, and Mary and Tommy saw him.

Mamma—Get your things on at once, my darling. We can get down to Mr. Brief's before the courts close, if we hurry.

Didn't Mind What His Half Did.

Young wife—John, I wish you would rock the baby.

Young husband—What'll I rock the baby for?

Y. W.—Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rock him.

Y. H.—Well, don't half belong to you?

Y. W.—Yes.

Y. H.—Well you can rock your half, and let my half holler.

Forethought.

Wild man from Borneo—I'm goin' to marry the girl without legs. What do yees think o' that, now?

Manager—Why not marry the Albino? She's twice as pretty.

Wild man from Borneo—Well, sorr, foine looks is all right, but I've laid up a power o' money, an' the girl without legs couldn't run away wid it.

Pictured by Proxy.

A Detroit lady, whose friend live abroad, had her baby a picture taken, and sent a dozen cabinet-sized photographs to Dulcinea. Before long went she showed them to several of her friends.

"How perfectly lovely!" they all exclaimed; "it looks like a fancy picture. What a beautiful child. I should love to see him!"

This from friends who either had not seen the baby or had forgotten how he looked.

One lady, whose senses were quite acute, was ready with a startling suggestion.

"That child isn't yours, Mrs.—; the photographer has made a mistake. Why, he doesn't look a bit like your little Harry."

"H-u-s-h," said the quick witted mother, "it's all right. You know Harry's hair isn't long enough to make pretty bangs and he really hasn't a nice nose, and I borrowed a baby just like this—a real little beauty it is, too—and he has all Harry's clothes on, and his little ring. Aren't the embroideries lovely? isn't that little cap just too sweet."

"But are you really going to send this picture away?"

"Of course I am. They'll never know the difference and isn't he lovely? Why, Harry wouldn't take half as pretty a picture, though he is a darling. But you know I want something extra nice to send over there."

All this happy thought should include grown people it will not be half a bad idea. Then professional beauties could sit for homely women and the science of photography would have achieved a lasting fame. After all, it is generally the likeness in a picture that condemns it.

Familiar with the Language.

Irishwoman (to Chinaman in street car)—Shoo! yeh ferrint fernint the common! wid yer blue shirt, and give a leddy a chance to set down, bad cess to yez!

Chinaman—Wow?

Irishwoman—Can't yez talk English, ye yaller hathen?

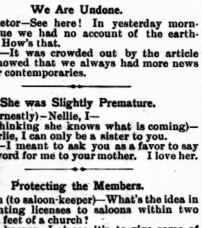
Chinaman—If I couldn't talkee English nuchee hoodee old Ilish woman, yeh, I shootee my glandmothie.

He Utilized Dark Nights.

Browny (to Jonesy, who has taken a cottage for the season)—Very neat, convenient little place, Jonesy; but I notice that all your neighbors have fine orchards, while you haven't a single fruit tree.

Jonesy—I have just as much fruit.

Off for the Country.



Mrs. Brockman Plaice—Is the parrot frightened, driver?

Driver—No, ma'am; but he do be th' only t'ing up here thot aint!

We Are Undone.

Proprietor—See here! In yesterday morning's issue we had no account of the earthquake. How's that.

Editor—It was crowded out by the article which showed that we always had more news than our contemporaries.

She was Slightly Premature.

Me (earnestly)—Nellie, I—

She (thinking she knows what is coming)—No, Charlie, I can only be a sister to you.

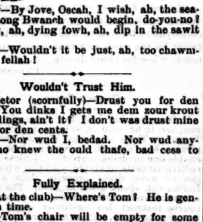
He—I—I meant to ask you as a favor to say a good word for me to your mother. I love her.

Protecting the Members.

Citizen (to saloon-keeper)—What's the idea in licensing so many saloons within two hundred feet of a church?

Saloon-keeper—I s'pose it's to give some of the members a safer chance.

Tramps of the Better Class.



Cholly—By Jove, Oscah, I wish, ah, the season at Long Branch would begin, do-you-no! I'm tired, ah, dying fowh, ah, dip in the sawlt watah!

Oscah—Wouldn't it be just, ah, too chawming, old fellah!

Wouldn't Trust Him.

Proprietor (scornfully)—Drust you for den cents? You dinks I gets me dem sour krout for noddings, ain't it? I don't was drust mine fadder for den cents.

Brady—Nor mind it, bedad. Nor wud anybody who knew the oul' thafe, bad cess to him!

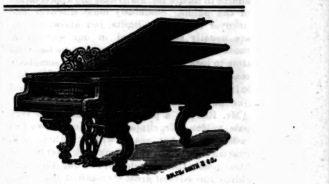
Fully Explained.

Ned (at the club)—Where's Tom? He is generally on time.

Fred—Tom's chair will be empty for some days. He bought a bicycle yesterday. Then he though it would be "such a pleasure to be able to ride." Now he writes that it would be "such a pleasure to be able to walk."

A Few Hints on Matrimony.

I am sorry to note that within the past few days, writes Bill Nye in the New York World, several people have married for a joke. Among them a young lady near Madison, Wis., who was out for a walk and at the suggestion of a party named Foss, married him. The young lady, Miss Hannah Foster, realizing that she could marry Mr. Foss without changing the letter on the tidy which she had made, preparatory to housekeeping, did not stop to consider the responsibilities she assumed by marrying an unknown man, but boldly launched herself upon the great sea of matrimony. Miss Hester, the daughter of a millionaire who edits a sawmill in Wisconsin, and who could have boarded her as long as she lived, married a sawmill sawyer it would seem that no temptation could woo a young lady from a home where all day long she could hear the squeal of the complaining sawmill and the snore of the planing mill, turning out matched flooring, two by four scantling and dressed culls, and yet Miss Foster forgot the buzz-saw with which she had been petted to monkey, the gentle skid, the xxx shingles, the moist slab, the gummy joist, the select fencing and its finished timber, in order to flee to the arms of a stranger. Matrimony is, in all cases, a serious matter, but it is doubly serious when it is tampered with in a flippant and trifling manner on the start, only to bring sorrow, chagrin, complaint, answer, joinder, rejoinder, surrejoiner, butter, rebutter, suttebutter, inharmony, parsimony and alimony at last. Oh girl, why will you do so? Why will you forget the sheltering arms of your parents to take up arms against a sea of trouble? Why will you turn your back on the lumber business to take up arm against a sea of trouble? Why will you turn your back on the lumber business to marry a man without a change of canes to his back? Why will you weary of the old home and seek out a stranger who will break your North American heart and send you down, perhaps, to a damp and undesirable drunkard's grave? Try to get acquainted with the man you propose to wed. As you get more acquainted, see that he is temperate. If you find that he loves the flowing bowl, and that his hot breath, as it courses through his clenched teeth, scorches the cotton in your ears, draw yourself up to your full height, crack your heels together twice in succession and go away.



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Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

James Whitcomb Riley has become quite a notable figure in literary circles. He and Bill Nye are very chummy, and Nye, with an older and wider reputation, has been untiring in his efforts to secure for his friend the appreciation of the public. Somebody must discover and uncover the hidden lights, you know, for we are usually so engrossed in our worship of those already shining that most of us have not time to look for the lesser ones until somebody reaches out a hand and lifts the shade, when lo! the light shines forth, clear and bright, and like the fabled moth, we fly to it.

Mr. Riley is a pronounced blonde; has very pale, golden hair, clipped closely, eyebrows and lashes heavy, but nearly white; rather dark, grayish-blue eyes that look out keenly and humorously through glasses; strong nose and chin, expressive of great strength of character; a mouth showing sensibility, a smooth-shaven face, and taken in its entirety, a strong, intelligent one. In manner he is quite genial, though somewhat reserved. He is a natural poet, not a made one, and while some of his dialect poems are excellent, expressing as they do the homely pathos and humor that go to the heart and stay there, I think many of his admirers would be pleased to learn that he had turned to a higher grade in verse. Possibly he may in time, when the present craze for dialect sketches and poems has run its course. Mr. Riley impresses one as being of the world, worldly, albeit a poet, a real, substantial, understandable man.

What a contrast is the other face, shadowed and suggested rather than depicted, with its haunting eyes and weird outlines—a face which defies all attempts at pen-picturing—unreal, intangible, seemingly a vision from the shadowland—Robert Louis Stevenson. While Mr. Riley impresses one as being of the world, worldly, albeit a poet, a real, substantial, understandable man.

What a contrast is the other face, shadowed and suggested rather than depicted, with its haunting eyes and weird outlines—a face which defies all attempts at pen-picturing—unreal, intangible, seemingly a vision from the shadowland—Robert Louis Stevenson. While Mr. Stevenson's writings are widely and favorably known in America, I find that but little seems to be known of him personally outside the literary profession. Most people are aware that he is Scotch, but that seems the extent of their knowledge of him. I myself am a great admirer of his writings, and to me there is always an added enjoyment in having some, even slight, knowledge of the personality of the author. Mr. Stevenson is quite an invalid even yet, though the bracing mountain air of Saranac accomplished wonders for him during his residence there last winter. He will pass the summer among the southern islands of the Pacific Ocean in the hope that the fresh breezes of those peaceful waters may bring him lasting strength. For many a weary day last winter he was unable to leave his room, and all of those late charming essays were written while propped up in bed. Through all this pain and trouble his intellect remains as vigorous as of old, and each month, this year, he has contributed to a leading magazine an essay written in the same easy, graceful style, besides having written a novel for a newspaper syndicate. He has now nearly finished a new serial, entitled The Master of Ballentrae, which he thinks his best and which will soon be issued. His must be a brave, self-reliant nature. Few, I fancy, knowing nothing of the man, would suspect that beneath the easy half-humorous flow of eloquence runs an undercurrent of discouragement and pain, and physical hopelessness; and yet when we know of his sufferings, it is easy to read all this between the lines. Mr. Stevenson is a rapid talker, and makes use of many quick, nervous gestures; he resembles, in manner only, a Frenchman, in that he talks all over, which characteristic is quite unusual in a Scotchman. It is then that his face lights up so gloriously, and the soul-light shines from those marvellously expressive eyes, and one forgets that in repose the lines of suffering were so strongly marked, and the eyes wore such a tired, pathetic expression.

Our rising young poet—I dislike the word poetess—Miss Edith M. Thomas has finally decided to make her home in New York. She and her sister have been boarding all spring in a modest house down town, and are often to be seen in Central park, walking about or resting in one of the many quiet nooks with which the place abounds. Miss Thomas has the true poetic face—broad, full forehead; large, deep, thoughtful eyes; the lower part of the face delicate, the mouth refined and sensitive. She is passionately fond of flowers, and has been accustomed to spend much time in her garden. I am told that she watches with great interest the wild animals in the park—possibly she is making a study of them for a new poem. She seems to be a favorite with our magazine editors, as I have seen poems from her pen in no less than five different periodicals within the past two months.

Mrs. Custer's new book, Tenting on the Plains, is said to be having a large sale. I am very glad of it, for I think she must be a plucky little woman. She lives in a neat new flat on Tenth street, and seems prosperous.

Masculine *nom de plumes* have a peculiar fascination for some of our women writers. Stewart Sterne is a Brooklyn lady, and Octave Thanet is a Miss French of Indiana—a large, fleshy, jolly woman of, say, thirty-five, very talkative and full of laughter, in fact quite the reverse of one's ideal of the authors of those melancholy tales of hers, Knitters in the Sun.

There is on foot a project for founding a receiving home and training school in this city for the protection and education in domestic science of immigrant girls. Such an institution would without doubt prove most advantageous not only to the poor girls themselves, but also to sorely tried mistresses, for the housewife's wail over the incompetency of servants is still to be heard in the land.

Brass hammering and decorative painting are much neglected now for the newer fancy for wood carving. Many of the fair carvers have attained considerable skill in this art, and innumerable are the products. At first key boards with a sprig of ivy carved thereon, or some similar thing, then panels for the sides of or for the space above the mantel, and some have even executed, with the help of a carpenter, very passable desks, buffets, chests, which last are now so fashionable among our would-be ancient moderns. A few do their own designing, and one young woman has shown so much originality in designing and skill in carving that she has been enabled to support herself very comfortably on the commissions received. The majority, however, work at it simply as a pastime and for the pride of attainment; but I should think it might prove a fairly lucrative employment for women who have the taste and talent for the work, now that carved wood is so much in use for house decoration.

CARRINGTON.

Correct Dress.

It is surprising how few correctly dressed men are to be seen in so large a city, even, as Toronto. Those who wear elegant clothes are plenty, but elegant garments alone do not enable one to dress correctly. Unless one has cultivated taste or employs a valet who has, he can no more dress properly than a Digger Indian can speak good English. The tailor, if an artist and careful student of dress, can, of course instruct his customer what to wear from hat to boots, but such tailors are not to be found in every store where garments are made to order. They should be, of course, but what should be and what is are two different things. Every day we see scores of men wearing costly suits with shabby hats, clumsy shoes, and badly dressed necks; every day we see elegant and beautifully fitting coats ruined in appearance by having the pockets filled with letters, cigar cases and what not, until they bulge out like stuffed carpet bags, and every day we see in necktie, coat, vest and trousers colors so abominably inharmonious that their wearer looks like a nightmare.

The man who wears a sack suit and a plug hat at a picnic, or a Prince Albert suit with a straw hat to church, however costly the garments are, is badly dressed, and sins against good taste and the tailor.

It seems wicked to ruin the appearance of an elegant suit by hat, tie or shoes, and every tailor should not only protest against it, but should, also, by dressing correctly himself, illustrate the desirability of doing so and assist in educating the taste of others.

Now, SATURDAY NIGHT would strongly advise those wishing any information on this subject to pay a visit to the fashionable English and American tailoring establishment of Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

True Enough.

Is it not about time for poets to exercise silence on "murmuring pines" and the "melancholy yew"? The pines murmur no more than the dogwoods, and the yew is not half as melancholy as the oak doorsill that turns out to be maple in the house built by contract.

At the Baseball Game.

Lady—I should think the players would catch cold in their costumes.

Gentleman (who has lost money betting on the local team)—Our boys are safe. They will never catch cold.

"Why so?"

"They are too confounded slow to catch anything."

The Position of the "Third Party."

McPhelim's Intelligent Goat.

Mrs. McPhelim (watching the return from the Lodge)—Butt th' ould mon aisy, Billy; he's doin' the besht he can for th' load av him, Whist! Don't ye joggle him loose av th' bottle, fer the love o' th' saints!

Florentine Tapestry.
BY OTTO ARMBRUSTER.

A Novel Tiling Design.

W. C. MURRAY
FASHIONABLE TAILOR
279 YONGE STREET
FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK
Have you been at
CHEESEWORTH'S
THE TAILOR
If not you should go at once and see his magnificent assortment of new goods, for both Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear, comprising all the novelties for the coming season. His facilities for doing business are unequalled in the Dominion (separate departments for Ladies' work).
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DANCING
Who is the Leading Teacher of Toronto? . . . Prof. Davis
Who has taught 15,000 pupils in Toronto? . . . Prof. Davis
Who has been teaching 28 years in Toronto? . . . Prof. Davis
Who wrote and published the only book on dancing in Canada? . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Jersey?" . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Ripple?" . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Broncho?" . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Navy Schottische?" . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Gavotte Lancers?" . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Frolique?" . . . Prof. Davis
Who composed and published piano music for the above dances . . . Prof. Davis
Who taught the only Court dance "La Pavane," as danced at the Art Fair? . . . Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Morris Dance," (Art Fair) . . . Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Maypole Dance," (Art Fair) . . . Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Rustics" to enter (Art Fair) . . . Prof. Davis
Who taught the Ladies their "March," (Art Fair) . . . Prof. Davis
Who teaches at five of the Principal Ladies Seminaries in Toronto . . . Prof. Davis
Who is the Leading Teacher of Stately Parlor Dancing in Canada . . . Prof. Davis
Who will you procure your Dancing Lessons from next September, and throughout the season? Prof. Davis
Whom will you be wise to guard against? The inexperienced teacher.
Academy 77 Wilton Ave. Branch Academy—The Pupils' Drawing-Room, Grand Opera House.

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DESICCATED SOUP
UNEQUALLED FOR
Health, Strength, Economy and Convenience
INDISPENSIBLE DURING THE
CAMPING OUT SEASON
Makes rich soup or delicious flavoring in a few minutes. Put up in tins at 15, 25 and 40c. For sale by all grocers.
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AT
$7.00, $8.50, $10, $12.50, $15, $17.50, $20
SPLENDID VALUE
QUA & CO.
49 King St. West

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WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY
We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.
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Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

FANCY SCARFS
THE "ST LEGER"
is one of Welch, Margetson & Co.'s new spring styles, and is a very taking shape
THE "MOSTON"
is a very fine made-up scarf, soft top, and fits into the collar well
The finest assortment of High Class Furnishings in the city
WHEATON & CO.
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Ladies' Frontpieces
SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR
WEAR IN WARM WEATHER
Made of Finest Quality Water-Curled Hair; no trouble re-dressing them; no wiggy nor heavy look about them. Every lady should have one. They are invaluable.
Call and see them and the Big Stock of all kinds of
Hair Goods, Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches
GENTS' TOUPEES, WIGS, &c.
HAIR ORNAMENTS of Every Description.
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FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
The Ladies' Tailors
218 YONGE STREET, COR. ALBERT
Having decided to add several new departments to our present business, in order to make room for the Fall Season, have determined to clear out our present stock, consisting of MANTLES, WRAPS, DOLMANS, JACKETS, JERSEYS, BLACK and COLORED SILKS and SATINS, CASHMERES, HENRIETTAS, NUN'S VEILINGS and DRESS FABRICS—PRINTS, MUSLINS, CHAMBRAYS, GINGHAMS, LAWNS, etc., GLOVES, HOSIERY, CORSETS, UNDERWEAR, TRIMMINGS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, etc., etc. Will therefore commence on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20th, a genuine, *bona fide*
Grand Summer Clearing Sale
Which will be continued until AUGUST 1ST.
We refrain from quoting prices. Suffice it to say that the balance of the stock of the late firm of J. Pittman & Co. will be offered at about 50 per cent discount, and the new stock imported this season specially for our trade will be sold at from
20 to 30 Per Cent Discount
INSPECTION INVITED. All goods marked in plain figures. No trouble to show goods.
Ladies, Remember this is a Bona Fide Clearing Sale
H. S. MORISON & CO.
Successors to J. Pittman & Co.

A very large audience attended the piano lecture-recital given by Mr. William H. Sherwood of New York in the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week. It was the second of a series of exhibitions given by the Conservatory of Music at the close of its first academical year. The first was a recital of its organ pupils given in the Bond street Congregational Church. As SATURDAY NIGHT is not on the list of *invites* of the Conservatory I was not present and my readers are spared a criticism of these embryo pedal-poppers. Thursday's affair, however, was different, as the public was admitted on payment of an admission fee. The large audience was very enthusiastic in spite of the heat, and applauded everything most rapturously.

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Mr. Sherwood is a pianist of considerable renown in America, and is probably one of the best teachers of his instrument on the continent. He makes a specialty of bracketing his piano playing with remarks explanatory, or intended to be so, of the composers and pieces which he treats of. Giving my first consideration to these remarks, which he dignifies by the title of "Lectures," I must as a faithful scribe state that his accent in speech has what composers love to call "a strong local color, which is not the most pleasant to an English ear, and which is a decided disadvantage in Toronto. Further, the literary style of his "lectures" is full of such gems as: "There's some of the finest pieces by Bach—as if he had foreseen"—and in speaking of the Chopin ballade, he made a perfect holocaust of adverbs, saying for instance, "it ends triumphant and happy." This grammatical recklessness is shared by the preliminary circular which heralded his advent, wherein Mr. Sherwood is reduced to neutrality, so to speak, by the opening sentence: "Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood is one of the really great pianists *which* America has produced!"

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As to his playing, Mr. Sherwood has great fluency and brilliancy of execution, especially in the left hand, which rather outweighs his right in power, and destroys the balance between them. His touch is crisp and pretty, but utterly lacks sostenuto, all sounds being evanescent. In spite of this suggestion of offervescence, he produces some pretty phrasing, though this again is too level, reminding one of the painter who took such pains with his picture that he painted it out. It is rather in pieces like Schubert's March Militar, and the Liszt Faust Waltz that Mr. Sherwood appears at his best. Works of finer delicacy and intellectuality hardly receive the breadth and variety of treatment one might expect from one whose studentship is made so much of as is Mr. Sherwood's. Vocal numbers were contributed by Mme. D'Auria, Miss Donnelly and Mr. J. L. O'Malley.

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Those of us who are exposed to the whims and caprices of musical committees in our church work—a department in which too frequently the parson considers himself privileged to meddle—will appreciate the courage and independence of an organist living in a country town, who was invited to come to Toronto and play a Sunday on trial at a well-known church. His answer was: "If you want to know what I can do, come down and hear me under ordinary circumstances in my own choir, and don't ask me to take a strange choir and organ for one Sunday." This gentleman was right, and a few more such exhibitions of self-respect will gradually enlighten those who fancy themselves patrons of art, because they dispense for others a beggarly four or five hundred dollars per annum.

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Mr. Henry Jacobsen, who has been musical director of Wells' Ladies' College, Aurora, N. Y., for the past year, with the most successful results, is in town for a few days prior to his departure for Europe on the 28th.

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Among the others of the guild who intend making the European trip this year are Miss Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Fisher, and Mr. Carl Martens.

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A very pleasant episode in the history of the Philharmonic Society took place on Tuesday evening when the annual meeting was held. The members of the society were present in full force and after the reports of the executive had been read and the officers for the ensuing year elected the fun commenced. The president, Mr. Earls, was presented with a handsome address illuminated by Mr. Wm. Revell, and bound in book-form, and the conductor received a beautiful gold medal with three clasps, which was gracefully pinned on his coat by Mrs. Revell. Then came Mr. Green's turn; this genial and efficient officer was the recipient of a handsome double-barrelled album, to fill which the president asked for contributions from the ladies. Mr. Ebbels, the assistant secretary, was given a gold pen and pencil case. Then followed ices, cake and social converse, and after a short programme of music by Miss Ella Patterson, Miss Katie Ryan, Mr. Bilght, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Aridge the Philharmonic Society separated for the season, to meet again in the autumn with renewed vigor. The officers of the society for the ensuing year are: Honorary President, Mr. George Gooderham; President, Mr. John Earls; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. D. Matthews and J. T. Jones; Treasurer, E. A. Wills; Secretary, F. W. Green; Assistant Secretary, A. L. Ebbels. Committee—Mrs. Revell, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Morison, Messrs. L. J. Clark, W. C. Matthews, C. P. Orr, H. W. Williamson, J. E. Kirk, C. D. Daniel, Joseph Oliver, A. H. Gilbert, T. G. Mason, W. H. Fairbairn and R. Tinning. Mr. J. D. Warde was made an honorary vice-president, and, of course, Mr. F. H. Torrington was re-elected conductor.

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The Philharmonic Society will have a little pic-nic to break the summer's idleness. It is to be at Lorne Park at an early date. The choir of the Church of the Redeemer will have an excursion to the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park on Thursday, July 5. Other dissipations of this nature include a moonlight excursion of Elm Street Church choir on the Cibola.

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All Saints' Church is having a good deal of trouble over its new organ. The reeds have not come in time, and the organ has to be used without reeds for another five or six weeks. The opening of the instrument was to have taken place with the solo assistance of Mr. Frederic Archer, but in the meantime this idea has been regretfully abandoned.

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I have been favored with an invitation to attend the annual commencement of the Brantford Ladies' College which took place on Monday and Tuesday of this week. If these exercises are as interesting as the invitation card is tasteful, I wish I had been there.

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Mr. Bowles, lately assistant organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, has been transferred to the Toronto agency of his bank, the Union Bank of Lower Canada. This is a fine opportunity for a Toronto church to secure a clever young organist. I can vouch for his excellence, as I heard him when he deputised for Mr. Harris at the Church of St. James the Apostle.

METRONOME.

SPORTING EVENTS TO-DAY.

Baseball.

Troy v. Toronto, at Toronto grounds, 3:30.

Tennis.

Granites v. Torontos, at Granite Rink.

Cricket.

East Toronto v. Toronto, Toronto ground, half-day.

Athletics.

T. A. C. Spring Handicap Races at Rosedale.

Not a phenomenally good showing did the Torontos new pitcher, Oberlander, make against Indianapolis on Tuesday. He was touched for fourteen hits, with a total of nineteen bases, by a club which is considered pretty low down in the league. By the way, it seems quite the fashion just now for the International League clubs to tackle the big fellows. Buffalo defeated Detroit on Tuesday, whereat there was unlimited rejoicing among the admirers of ball in Bisonville.

•

The game on Tuesday was not at all remarkable. Indianapolis played a beautiful fielding game. It was a treat to see the way Denny worked at third. Nothing was too good for him, and Glasscock was as slick as ever in his fielding. "Dude" Easterbrook had ut little to do, but what he had he did well. For the home men Rickley did probably the best work. He had four assists and two put outs. The batting of the Toronto men was lamentably weak. Decker was the only man who hit the ball at all hard. His three-bagger in the fifth was a daisy. He is probably the best "waiter" on the Toronto nine. He doesn't whack at the first ball that comes along, but when one comes that suits him he puts it where it will do the most good. If Toronto had a few more men like him the club would have a chance of doing some work in the direction of first place.

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Hamilton does not suit Eddie Green, and he has asked for his release. He says the management is too changeable. If he wins a game everything is lovely, but if he drops one there is a circus with three rings and an elevated stage. Hamilton does not want to let Green go, just the same. Pete Wood is the only pitcher who is really reliable, and the directorate does not feel like letting any of the firers go at this time.

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To-day should see a big crowd at the Rosedale Athletic Grounds, when the annual games of the Toronto Athletic Club come off, and remember lords and gentlemen there will be time and to spare at their conclusion for the At Homes of the Granite Rink Club. No less than 170 entries have been received, including crack athletes from all over Canada and the States. A good race should be between Bert Brown of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club and Harry Davies of the Toronto Club. Both men are good wheelmen, and although the Wanderers' man had rather an easy time of it at Ottawa on the Queen's Birthday, there is every probability that the race will be a cracker. I think Davies a probable winner. A rather novel event will be the backward running exhibitions to be given by Mr. A. Forrester, of the T. A. A. C. Mr. Forrester will attempt to break the world's records for 50, 75 and 100 yards. Those who know say he has no equal at this style of running. On Tuesday evening the second of the summer evening handicap meetings attracted quite a respectable crowd. The competitions were all of them good ones, although the entries were few. The two mile race was as well contested as any run I have seen for a long time. Forrester and Jackson, the latter of whom ran from scratch conceding 40 yards, made the go a cracker, and the last couple of laps were most exciting.

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By the time this is in type the quartette to complete the International Cricket eleven will probably have been chosen. A. C. Allan's home coming will undoubtedly strengthen the team. My fancy for the four is Boyd, W. R. Wilson, Allan and Wallace Jones. That a serious omission was made in leaving out the name of B. T. A. Bell of Ottawa, I think no one will deny. Bell is a good batter and is as good a cover point as there is in the country. Henry, I hear, will be in town in a few days and will put in some work at the Toronto grounds. Dyce Saunders' hand is healing nicely and he is now able to get in some practice behind the sticks.

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The Toronto Colts played a good innings against Rosedale last Saturday. Captain Cassels, though handicapped by an injured hand, made 29 without a chance. The Rosedale men made 30 for one wicket. On the same day Kenneth Cameron, playing for Toronto, made 76 in very lucky style. The bowling of the Gooderham & Worts men was very loose, and they could do little with the Toronto trundlers.

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I learn with much regret that it is extremely probable that Frank Harley of Guelph will be unable to play in the International match the week after next. Canada can ill afford the loss of his services in this match.

•

Listowel ran against a snag at Philadelphia the other day when Belmont walloped them to the tune of an innings and 177 runs. Listowel is just a little too weak for the Philadelphia clubs. When they run against the Germantown men they will have a nice time of it.

•

Tennis is hardly the game which one would think liable to pass into the hands of professionals. There is quite an excitement in Ireland just now because a couple of young men well known in Dublin have taken positions as coachers to one of the crack tennis clubs. There is no reason in the world why they shouldn't, I suppose, but wouldn't there be some fun out here if some of our young men became professionals!

•

Barrie is trying to get up a purse to add to the $1,000 stake for the Wise-Lee race. Kempenfeldt bay is as fine a sheet of water for a race as one could want. There should be quite a crowd at the race, especially at this time of the year.

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The Torontos were beaten by the Shamrocks. This is not a news item. It is merely a reminder that the Shamrocks once had a twelve which couldn't beat the Torontos. Now, when the boys in blue have become crippled by the simultaneous retirement of a number of their best men, they cannot expect to win from a twelve like the Shamrocks, at least at this time. When the old heads have given them a little training they will probably be quite able to give anything in the lacrosse line a pretty hot tussle. By-the-way St. Catharines is making a big kick regarding the "selfishness" of the Torontos in asking that the match played on Thursday be not begun until after four o'clock. The St. Catharines men, in requesting the Torontos to start at 2.30, should recollect that the Torontos cannot give a whole day to a lacrosse match. The Torontos will need to hustle lively if they want to win the C. L. A. championship again. They have a twelve which is composed of good stuff, but that stuff has to be brought out. Lots of practice is the only thing which will do the work.

•

Away down south, in Havana, they play ball and knife the umpire if he doesn't satisfy everybody. In *El Sport*, published in Havana, this paragraph occurs: "El base running *azul*, muy debil, el del *Fe* bastante efectivo, distinguendose Delabat, Cachurro, Castillo, Garcia y Alvarez." It will be seen that no less than four brands of cigars were struck out *muy debil* by Mr. *Fe*. He must be quite a slick pitcher.

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The Granite Lawn Tennis Club plays the Toronto Club at the Granite grounds this afternoon. Both clubs have good men to represent them, and a first-class afternoon's sport will be presented. The Granite Club's crack, Hollyer, has been playing a grand game this week, and should make things hot for the best of the Toronto men. The Park Club seems to be doing very little just now. The absence, in Europe, of Mr. A. A. Macdonald, one of last season's best men will materially weaken the club. Out at the Ossington's ground there is a great deal of tennis played. Probably more tennis goes on after dinner than on any other city ground. The men are usually late in getting home from town and consequently have little time for tennis before dinner.

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The Toronto Canoe Club is making arrangements for a club tour through Muskoka lakes. About eighteen members will participate. The club is flourishing this year. The members of the photographic section are rapidly accumulating a store of views picked up during the summer. The club house walls will be much improved in appearance when the pictures are finished.

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An idea of the popularity of baseball in the States can be gained by looking at *Harper's Weekly* of the 19th. The cut published shows the Polo Grounds covered with spectators to within about eighty yards back of the second base. Over thirty-seven thousand persons paid admission on the 14th at the game with Boston. When a game attains wide popularity its future is assured. One of the strong points of baseball is that a game can be played in a couple of hours. Cricket will never do here simply because we haven't time for it. The large majority of men in Canada have to work for their living, and thankful they should be for it. Now men cannot play cricket and attend to work at the same time; one or other must suffer, and in the majority of cases it is cricket which goes under. Lacrosse, rowing and tennis all take less time, and consequently have more adherents.

YAKATEHAG.

Victoria Park seems to be enjoying a large share of public patronage, numerous Sabbath school and other society picnics having already had excursions there. The management seem determined that nothing shall be wanting to make this beautiful resort one of the best in Canada.

Personal.

The Consolidated Camping and Fishing Club of Toronto will again summer at Muskoka, probably in the vicinity of Bala Falls.

Mr. D. McDermid, late of Detroit, has moved into his new residence at the corner of Jarvis and Isabella streets, having taken up his residence permanently in our midst.

The following ladies and gentlemen are residing for the season at Monreith, West Point (Island), the well-known summer resort conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Halliday: Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, children and nurse; Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, children and nurse; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Croll, Mr. and Mrs. R. St. B. Young, nurse and child; Mr. Norman Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fleury, nurse and child; Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrison, nurse and children; Mrs. John Drynan, Miss Drynan, Miss Louise Drynan, Miss Agnes Drynan, Miss Hogg, Mrs. Garvie, Miss Garvie, Miss Ray Garvie, Mr. Godfrey Patterson, Mrs. Munsen, Miss Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fuller, two nurses and children. Miss Madeline Spratt and the Misses Larned will arrive July 1st.

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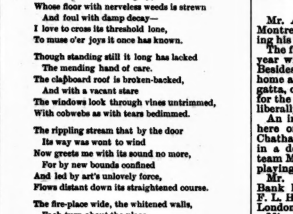
The Old Log-House.



For Saturday Night.

The dear old house whose logs unhewn
Are weatherworn and gray,
Whose floor with nerveless weeds is strewn
And foul with damp decay—
I love to cross its threshold lone,
To muse o'er joys it once has known.

Though standing still it long has lacked
The mending hand of care.
The clapboard roof is broken-backed,
And with a vacant stare
The windows look through vines untrimmed,
With cobwebs as with tears bedimmed.

The rippling stream that by the door
Its way was wont to wind
Now greets me with its sound no more,
For by new bounds confined
And led by art's unlovely force,
Flows distant down its straightened course.

The fire-place wide, the whitened walls,
Each turn about the place,
Full many a varied scene recalls
And many a vanished face,
And every glance around me cast
Brings back some memory of the past.

Though time sits lightly on my brow,
There's that within my heart,
That makes its chords responsive now
To thoughts that years impart,
And makes me cling with parting love
To scenes that youth oft soars above.

When o'er life's twilight grimly lowers
Death's darkness chill and drear,
The haunts beloved in childhood's hours
To doting age grow dear,
And often hearts by anguish torn
Live o'er again their mortal morn.

Yon mansion brave whose richness shames
This unpretentious cot,
No share in my affection claims,
'Tis no enchanted spot
Like this, which daily dearer grows,
And in each dream more lovely glows.

DRUMMER, Ont. MERONNE.

A very important feature of the Cibola's attractiveness is the engagement of the Claxton orchestra, which will play on board the steamer every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon throughout the season. Mr. Claxton led his Cibola orchestra for the first time last Wednesday afternoon and will be on deck to-day. In a few days the orchestra will be uniformed.

Boulangeria Hysteria.

I Am the Man, the Coming Man, the Man that Has Been So Long Coming, the Man So Long Waited For, the Man that Has Come, Because He Has come, Me, Moi, Boulanger!

I am going to do something terrific. I do not know exactly what, or how I am going to do it, or with whom, or when; but this is my boom to do or die, but I had rather do anything than die; but die if I must, in France is my trust, for if I don't ride my present boom, I'm bound surely to bust—me, moi, Bou, Bou, Bou, to a goose Boulanger, S-a-c-r-r-e!

I desire of all things, peace; but if there must be war there will be war, and if there is war there will be no peace, for peace and war together are usually impossible; and now it looks to me that for France to have an honorable peace without war, is as impossible as to have a war without peace—me, moi, Boulanger.

I war now with my pen. I am inexpressive, enigmatical, pragmatical, portentous, ambiguous, ominous and threatening. My meanings are deeply hidden—so deeply hidden I do not know them exactly myself. I have already fired a deadly book at Germany. That is but the first pattering of the coming awful shower. I have twenty 100-ton masked batteries of printing presses, capable of throwing 10,000 pounds weight of duodecimo volumes an hour into Berlin, and mitrailleuses without number, which will riddle the German Empire with my belligerent tracts—me, moi, Boulanger.

France admires me for what I have not done; her women idolize me for what I may not be able to do; the faubourgs glorify the victories I have not won. I am the preserver of an unpreserved country. My name is linked with a hundred battlefields as yet unknown in history.

If ever I die I shall have a seven-storied monument of brass cast out of my noble remains, for I have enough and to spare—a monument with my statue at the bottom, and another at the top, and a third somewhere about half way up; and it shall be ascended and descended by an elevator, and at each of the seven landings there shall be acres of tablets, bas relieved with the victories I have not won—me, moi, Boulanger.

•

Couldn't Be Lost.

"So you persist in receiving the visits of that fellow Smythe," said Charles in a melodramatic tone.

"I do. He is a very agreeable gentleman, and I see no reason why I should deliberately offend him."

"Then I am lost to you for ever."

"Don't talk nonsense, Charley."

"Nonsense?"

"Yes. The idea of anybody getting lost with such feet as you have is absurd. You couldn't help being found and identified."

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Last Saturday afternoon the society folks of Barrie wended their way to the At Home at Carlton, the residence of Mrs. John Dickenson. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent. After the At Home several young people were invited to a dance, to which a large number remained. Amongst those present were Capt. and Mrs. Androck, Capt. Wish, Miss Hewitt, the Misses Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Spry, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Mackidd, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cotter, the Misses Cotter, Miss Tisdale, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. B. and Miss Schrieber, Miss Spry, Mr. F. G. McCarthy, Mrs. and Miss McCarthy, Miss Spotton, Mr. T. R. and Miss Boys, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Nicholson, Mrs. Wells, Mr. W. Spry, Mr. Bourne, Mr. B. H. Ardagh, Mrs. F. S. Baker, the Misses Baker, Mr. E. G. and the Misses Hird, Mr. and Mrs. George Rankes, Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Brydon, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Hornsby, Mrs. W. C. J. King, Mr. H. C. Crease, Mr. F. Crease, Mrs. Holmes and Miss Holmes, Mr. G. Leicester, Miss Miller, Mr. W. H. B. Spotton, Mr. G. A. H. Fraser, Mr. Kortright, Miss Kortright, Mr. Willgris, Mr. Brydges, the Misses Tothill and several others.

Mrs. W. C. J. King of Toronto is visiting at her mother's, Mrs. Hornsby's. Mrs. Ramsay, Miss Johnston and Miss Tisdale of Toronto are visiting Mrs. J. R. Cotter. Mrs. Johnston of Toronto is visiting Mrs. Schrieber.

My letter on the fashionable wedding which took place last Wednesday, June 20, in which Miss Cotter and Mr. R. Barwick were united in marriage, will appear next week.

CHATHAM,

Mr. A. D. McLean of the Merchant's Bank, Montreal, and formerly of this town, is spending his holidays in town.

The facilities for enjoying Dominion Day this year will be exceptionally fine ones with us. Besides the usual out of town excursions the home attractions will be many, including a regatta, canoe and tub races, etc. Subscriptions for the prizes, etc., have been canvassed for and liberally responded to in many quarters.

An interesting game of lacrosse was played here on Wednesday, June 15, between the Chatham and Blenheim clubs, which resulted in a defeat for the latter. Of the Chatham team Mr. A. P. Northwood did some very good playing.

Mr. Ross T. Robertson of the Merchants' Bank left for Kincardine on Friday, and Mr. F. L. Hutchinson of the Bank of Montreal for London on Saturday.

Miss Jarvis of Stratford is visiting relatives in town.

Newton Beers and company, with Lost in London, at the Grand on June 15, succeeded in leaving a very bad impression, the principal comedian receiving condign censure for some of his witticisms.

FEDORA.

The Attractions of the Aristocracy.

Mrs. Highflier—Who is this Lord Chumly Noles they are talking so much about?

Mrs. De Society—Oh, his family is perfectly delightful. His brother, Lord Trevor, is a crossing sweeper at Birmingham, and his aunt, Lady Clare, is a bar-maid in a Liverpool hotel. Aren't they just swectly eccentric?

Mrs. H.—Yes—and what is his amusement?

Mrs. De S.—He used to make suspenders, but I think now he is trying blackmailing.

Mrs. H.—Oh, how lovely!

Proof Positive.

Hat Dealer—Here is a bill for the hat you got a year ago.

Indignant Dude—I never got any hat from you.

"I'd like some proof of that."

"The best proof is the bill itself. You ain't such a consummate ass as to let a worthless, trifling scamp like me get anything out of your store without paying cash for it, are you?"

That settled the matter, though he did not settle for the hat.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeams Photographs 1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

A Collapsed Druggist.

"I want some concentrated lye," he slowly announced, as he entered the store.

"You mean concentrated lye," suggested the druggist, as he repressed a smile.

"Well, you may be I don't know the difference. It's what I camphor, anyhow. What does it sulphur?"

"Eighteen cents a can."

"Then you can give me a can."

"I never cinnamon who thought himself so witty as you do," said the druggist, in a ginkerly manner, feeling called upon to do a little punning himse'f.

"Well, that's not bad, ether," laughed the customer, with a sympathetic glance. "I ammonia novice at the business, though I've soda good many puns that other punsters reaped the credit of. However, I don't care a copper as far as I am concerned, though they ought to be handled without cloves till they wouldn't know what was the madder with them. Perhaps I shouldn't myrrh them. We have had a pleasant time and I shall caraway."

It was too much for the druggist. He collapsed.

Another Way of Putting It.

One day, after a dinner-party at the house of Emile Augier, the French dramatist, the conversation had taken rather a philosophic tone.

"Alas," said some one, "that we cannot be always young!"

"Rather let us regret," returned the host, who was himself getting along in years, "that we cannot always remain old."

SUMMER MILLINERY

MRS. JUNOR begs to inform her customers and others that she has just received the latest shades in Tulle, Embroidered Lisse and Silk Nets, also a selection of Fine French Flowers for Summer Millinery. Some choice trimmed pieces now in stock.

131 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

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QUEEN ST. WEST

You Can Get the Best Value in

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IN THE CITY.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GORRIE—On June 19, Mrs. George T. Gorrie—a son.

CRUICKSHANK—At Weston, on June 19, Mrs. Alexander Cruickshank—a daughter.

WOODS—At Toronto, on June 11, Mrs. J. W. Woods—a son.

HAYDEN—At Cobourg, on June 10, Mrs. J. D. Hayden—a daughter.

PEAKEN—At 50 Pembroke street, on June 15, Mrs. J. M. Peaken—a daughter.

LAILEY—At 30 Sussex avenue, on June 16, Mrs. Charles E. Lailey—a daughter.

WILLIAMS—At 16 Denison square, on June 9, Mrs. George E. Williams—a son.

Marriages.

BROUGH—CAPP—On Wednesday, the 20th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, 12 Augusta avenue, by Rev. James Fielding Sweeny, B. A., rector of St. Philip's Church, Henri Bruce Brough (of Brough & Caswell), to Louie Grace, youngest daughter of Edward Capp.

ROWE—MILLER — On June 14, at Springbank, Owen Sound, by the Rev. Archibald McDiarmid, John G. Rowe, barrister, Berlin, to Isabel, eldest daughter of the late John Miller.

BOYLE—DAWSON—At Brampton, on June 12, by the Rev. R. Boyle, at the residence of the bride's father, Ed. W. Boyle of London, to Minnie, the eldest daughter of Charles Dawson.

PERRY—CATHRON—At St. James' Square Presbyterian church, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 19th June, by the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D. D., Alfred D. Perry of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, to Maggie, daughter of R. R. Cathron.

BARWICK—COTTER—At Trinity Church, Barrie, on Wednesday, June 20th, by the Rev. Alexander Williams of St. John's church, Toronto, assisted by the Rev. W. Reiner of Barrie, Richard Lee Barwick of Toronto to Margaret L., eldest daughter of James B. Cotter, County Crown Attorney of Simcoe.

SMYTH—MURTA—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on June 19th, by the Rev. C. H. Marsh, Sidney D., son of Robert Smyth, to Alice M., daughter of the late Robert A. Murta, all of Lindsay.

MAHONY—BOECKH—On Wednesday, June 20th, at St. Basil's church, by Rev. Father Vincent, V. G., assisted by Rev. Father Lamarche, John Mahony to Marie Louise, daughter of Charles Boeckh, merchant. All of Toronto.

WEBER—BUTTON—On Wednesday, June 20th, by the Rev. Dr. Taylor of Midland, Ont., at the residence of the bride's parents, Uxbridge, A. H. Wheeler of Meadowvale, Ont., eldest son of G. Wheeler, ex-M.P., to Marietta Mildred, third daughter of A. T. Button.

Deaths.

POLLARD—On Monday, June 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Pollard, aged 76 years.

HYNDMAN—At Palmerston, Ont., on June 17, Sarah Hyndman, aged 55 years.

JAMES—On June 17, at Toronto, Walter James, aged 8 years and 10 months.

PATERSON—On June 16, at Toronto, Agnes Lillan, daughter of the late John Paterson.

DEAN—On June 16, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. George Gooderham, Mary Ann Dean, aged 83 years.

CAMPBELL— On June 16, at Toronto, Mrs. fl. Evelyn Filbert Campbell, aged 24 years.

WATT—On June 17, at Toronto, Thomas Watt, aged 74 years.

FORD—On June 20, at Toronto, Rev. Ogden Putteney Ford, priest-assistant of St. Luke's, Toronto, aged 40 years.

SHIELDS—On June 20, at Toronto, George W. Shields, aged 61 years.

VANKOUGHNET—On June 20, at Toronto, Salter I. Vankoughnet, Q. C., eldest surviving son of the late Hon. Col. Vankoughnet.

Where the Chickens Were.

"I does think I got the trif'enest boy dat eber libed in dish yare country," said an old negro who had met a white acquaintance.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Oh, he ain't no 'count, dat's what de matter wid him. Come and stoled my chickens, he did, and sold 'em, an' gin de money to my wife."

"It was wrong to steal the chickens."

"Yaz, it wuz, an' he knowd dat. Yas, he did; he knowd how I wuz 'rested on account o' dem chickens an' tuck up 'fo' de cou't, an' how I come mighty nigh goin' ter de penitenchy. He knows that I had ter keep dem chickens hid for er munt', and den he come an' steal 'em dat way. It makes me mad ter think dat er boy will treat his daddy dat er way. Chillun dese days ain't got no revunce nohow. Come er stealin' my chickens."

"Where did you get the chickens?"

"Whar I git de chickens?"

"Yes."

"What you wanter come foolin' wid me dat way fur? Is I done you any harm dat you wanter come er slanderin' me?"

"I merely asked you——"

"You merely wants ter slander me, dat's wht yer wants. Kain't er man hab chickens widout you com' roun' yare 'cusin' him o' stealin' 'em?"

"I didn't say that you stole them."

"Mout ez well. Come takin' me, whar I git dem chickens. I'se had enuff trouble 'bout em already widout you comin' roun' trying ter make me feel bad. I ain't no fool dat you should come at me in sich er way ez dat. I's er hones' man, an' I gwine hab you tuck up fur slander ef yer doan watch out what yer doin'. No wonder de cullud generman ain't got no show in dis country when de white folks all tryin' ter grin' him down."

In Imperial Circles.

Emperor Francis Joseph—Is the army in barracks, Duke?

Duke—Yes, sire.

"The ammunition obtained?"

"Plenty, sire."

"The artillery?"

"All tested, sire."

"Are the fortresses manned?"

"Fully garrisoned, sire."

"Then everything is on a war footing?"

"Quite so, sire."

"God be praised! Now I am prepared for peace."

True to his Motto.

Patient—Then you think it's all up with me, doctor?"

Doctor—I'm afraid so.

P.—Well, we must all die once, and I may as well go now as afterward. You're sure I'm going?

D.—Yes.

P.—Then let me have your bill.

D.—My bill! My dear sir, this is very unusual. You should give your thoughts to more serious matters.

P.—My motto has always been "pay as you go," and now that I am going I want to pay.

So he paid and went.

Toronto Opera House

MONDAY, JUNE 25th

Benefit tendered by C. A. Shaw, Manager, to the

FAHEY FUND

Production of the powerful melodrama

FRIENDSHIP'S FAVORS

By a strong cast.

Tickets can be obtained from the following: Ald. Fells, Dwaney Bros, cor Spadina avenue and Queen streets; P. Boyle, *Irish Canadian*; D. O'Connor, corner Yonge and Richmond streets; T. McIlroy, jr., 28 King street west; T. A. Gregg, *News*; E. Phenix, *Globe*; H. J. P. Good, *Empire*; H. E. Smallpeice, *World*; A. Biggs and Geo. M. Lynn, *Telegram*; Charles C. Norris, *Saturday Night*.

HANLAN'S POINT

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

GRAND OPEN AIR CONCERT

BY THE

CITIZENS' BAND

Under the direction of Mr. J. Bayley. Steamers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p. m. Band Concerts will be given every evening

DOTY FERRY CO.

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Hotel Opens 15th of June

Magnificent Steamer ROTHESAY chartered for season. For rooms at Hotel or for a choice lot in this beautiful Summer Resort, apply to J. W. STOCKWELL, 69 King West, Treasurer. Opening day of sailing Saturday 16th June.

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Change of Time

PALACE STEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Three Trips a day, beginning June 13, 1888.

For particulars as to rates, time, etc., inquire at principal ticket offices.

VICTORIA PARK

is acknowledged to be the most beautiful and pleasant summer resort adjacent to Toronto. The management is first class and the terms to Sunday School and Society Picnics are very liberal.

The Staunch Palace Steamer

CHICOUTIMI

leaves Yonge Street wharf at 10 a.m., 2 and 4 p.m. Fare 25c.; Children 15c., including free ride on Steam Merry-go-Round.

For terms etc., apply agent Milloy's Wharf or Telephone 332.

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Being the stock of a wholesale house giving up business. Violins worth $30 at $15. Concertinas, Accordions, Guitars, Strings, Zithers, Bows, &c. All at ½ price.

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On JUNE 30th, JULY 1st and 2nd

RETURN TICKETS

Will be sold between all stations, (Ontario and Atlantic and Eastern Division) at

SINGLE FARE

Good to return up to July 3rd, and on 29th and 30th June and 1st and 2nd July, at

ONE FARE AND A THIRD

Good to Return until July 5th, 1888.

Cheap Excursion to Montreal and Return

Single fare from all Stations on June 30th and July and 1st 2nd, good to Return till July 6th, 1888.

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Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

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EVERYBODY READS BIRTH MARRIAGE DEATH ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THE • MAIL

THE MAIL is kept on file, bound up for reference, by Judges, County Clerks, Registrars, Public Libraries, and by Members of the Dominion Parliament, Provincial Legislature, and Municipal Councils, in important events in the life of persons in all parts of the Dominion. Notices of births, marriages and deaths should be inserted in THE DAILY MAIL, not sent to a newspaper office. Such work is the social contract, we do it because such notice is a legacy of the date for time to come. The small charge of 50 cents for one insertion of a birth, marriage or death notice is not an item, but a trifle. Anyone who has ever inserted parties should see to it that the record is made. Another point should be borne in mind is this: It is well that some one paper should have all of these notices. THE MAIL now receives copies of every one of these; therefore, when you are asked to insert in only one paper, remember that THE MAIL has become such notice is a legacy of the date for time to come. The small charge of 50 cents for one insertion of a birth, marriage or death notice is not an item, but a trifle. Among the records of the Dominion, its notices are to be quoted, and it is a pleasure to say it deserves it—from INTERIOR.

THE MAIL, TORONTO, CANADA

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MASON & RISCH,

32 King Street West, Toronto.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the DIAMOND STOVE CO. previous to JUNE 1st, 1888, are hereby authorized to pay same to us at our office, 203 Yonge street. As we have sold out our business, all accounts outstanding must be settled forthwith or be placed in our Solicitor's hands.

JOHN WANLESS, SR.
DAVID LACKIE.

June 20, 1888.

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